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## INCREASE OF CRIME.

THE conviction cannot fail to have forcibly impressed itself on the mind of the reader that crime is on the increase. In its most hideous form, that of murder and assassination, it is spreading its dominion and multiplying its votaries. Scarcely can we turn over a page of our domestic history without recording there some revolting deed; some parricide; some shedding of blood by the midnight thief; some poisoning by a wife or by a husband; or some infanticide, the more horrible because its victim is weak and innocent. Other offences, some of them little less horrible and disgusting, are daily perpetrated; and this in a period of civil peace, when all the energies of the nation may fairly be presumed to direct themselves towards the promotion of its domestic welfare.

For this, as for all other things, there must exist a cause; and the question only is, what is that cause?—for, having discovered it and ascertained its nature, little doubt there is but that we might remove it. Some trace the increase of crime to the defective system of punishment. This is like ascribing a disease to the imperfect nature of the cure. A wise system of punishment may go far towards the diminution of the evil, but would not be rendered necessary if the evil did not already exist. Clearly, therefore, the moral malady which afflicts the country must be traced to some other cause. Nevertheless we, in common with many others, are of opinion that the pseudo-humanity of those morbid philosophers who have set their faces against the punishment of death has caused much mischief, and will cause much more. The theory that the life of a murderer is sacred involves the proposition that the life of his victim was not so. To no other conclusion does our reason lead us; and it is therefore to be regretted that this cant of humanity, which would foster the blood-dyed villain in the bosom of the society which he has offended, is gaining ground, influencing public opinion, affecting the good sense of judges and jurors, and consequently allowing a latitude to murder, of which there is always a sufficient number of wretches eager to take advantage. In discussions of this kind there are some arguments which, could they be invested with the force they appear capable of, would at once tend to a decision on one side of the other. The object to be gained, therefore, is their being laid before the world in a clear and happy manner, so that they may enforce conviction and defeat the ingenuity of sophists. The same arguments must occur to all who occupy themselves with the question, and their constant repetition and enforcement must sooner or later result in a definite conclusion. Now the ground we take up, when protesting against the abolition of the punishment of death, is the well-being of the community at large. This is the object to be arrived at—this and no other. The murderer, by steeping his hands in the blood of a fellow creature, forfeits all claims to consideration; having committed the crime he must await the issue; and it is for society, setting aside all puling notions of respect for the feelings of the criminal, to decide in what manner it may best prevent the repetition of the deed. That society has this right, has been constantly and clearly proved. If

it has not, then there is no law of self-defence; I may not, then, strike a blow to save my life; a man may not, then, to shield himself, his wife, his children, his friends, from death, slay an enemy whose hand can be averted in no other way. This, and no other than this, is the light in which we should view the question. The reader must assent to one of two propositions, either that we should, on the approach of danger, consent to be led like lambs to the slaughter, or that if it can be shown that the punishment of death is a preventive of murder, we may, without soiling our conscience, take the murderer's life.

The question, then, resolves itself into this: whether the punishment of death acts, or does not act, as a preventive to the multiplication of that class of crimes? Let our readers put it to themselves, whether captivity and servitude, with humane treatment, with a sufficiency of the necessities of life, with indulgences such as are never denied to the vilest criminal, and, above all, with hope—the star that never fades, that cannot be extinguished; that through all storms of trouble, misery, and suffering shines placidly upon the future,—whether, we say, this would not be preferable to the agonies of the condemned cell, the certainty of a punishment, awful because its nature is unknown, the ignominy of the scaffold, the degradation of being led out before the face of men to die as a culprit, an abhorred wretch, whose death is hailed with hootings and exulting yells. It is argued by some that the theatrical nature of the exhibition is, in some sort, pleasant to the criminal. Of whom, however, is the multitude assembled to witness a public execution generally composed? Of the vilest, the lowest, the most abandoned, most pitiless of the community. Honest and respectable persons, with the exception of the few whose duty brings them to see the revolting spectacle, have done with the murderer from the moment of his conviction, and he is thus carried out to die in the sight of the dregs of the population, among whom, however, he is the lowest, the vilest, and the most criminal.

However, we are not advocating the system of public executions, which can serve no purpose but to shock humanity and inflict pain on others than him on whom all the suffering should be inflicted. The criminal, having been tried before the face of the country, and allowed every opportunity of exculpating himself, should, if convicted, appear no more before society, even on the scaffold. Having heard his sentence at the bar of justice he should be conveyed to his place of confinement, and should never again emerge into the light of day. The door which shuts him out from the world should never again open for him; having passed it, his last days should be spent among those who are to fulfil the law; and his death should, like his crime, be unseen by society, within the walls of the prison, where he would read in the face of no assembled multitude admiration for his bravado, where he would have no inducement to theatrical display, and be tempted into no lie by the hope of attracting attention to his fortitude, and exciting applause in a mob which, while encouraging his defiance of death, his scorn at the thought of penitence, his insolent swagger on the verge of eternity, would not only feel no pity for his fate, but would regard it as a disappointment if anything occurred to arrest the catastrophe, and snatch the culprit from his doom. Such spectacles are of no service to society. They wrong the criminal, exciting in him as they do that spirit of bravado which takes the place of that repentance and submission which might be looked for were he to die within the walls of a gloomy gaol, out of the sight of men, out of the reach of the world which, until the law has been accomplished, is burdened with the life of the blood-stained culprit.

Some there are, no doubt, of sensitive feelings, and a peculiar temperament of mind, who would give their election to the scaffold and all its appalling accompaniments, before the life of infamy, degradation, and hardship which would await them as transported felons. But such instances are rare. The murderer is generally the vilest coward on earth. His love of life in himself is usually great in proportion as his careless regard for it in another. The wretch who, in darkness and by stealth, would skulk into a dwelling and break in on

the repose of a fellow creature, to turn his bed of sleep into a bed of death, and mangle or stifle him in order to thieve some coveted prize, is commonly the first to shrink at death, to howl and whine for mercy, and to deliver himself up to an abject agony of cowardice. Exceptions there are; the rule is, however, as we say; and we shall witness with extreme regret the spread of that doctrine which would give life to a murderer, and take away protection from society. For every criminal of this class that cheats the gallows we may reckon on two or three victims of the knife, or the poison cup, or the bullet; and this will be the consolation of those mistaken, but in many cases, we are fain to believe, well-intentioned humanitarians who rave against the punishment of death. We derive satisfaction, however, from the fact that although these are finding many disciples they are among the least educated, and therefore the least influential classes of the community. The good sense of the country at large is against them; so that we may hope for a continuation of the success which, as in the late debate in the House of Commons, has hitherto attended the arguments of humanity and philosophy.

The punishment of crime, however, is neither so agreeable nor so important a question as its prevention, which bears towards it the same relation as the preservation of health does to the cure of disease. Before, however, we touch on this topic it may be well to observe that, advocates as we are of the punishment of death, it is revolting to us, as well, we feel sure, as to our readers, to hear of such scenes as that lately enacted in Bristol, where a young girl with scarcely a sufficient sensibility of mind to be conscious of the crime she had committed, who was ignorant, childish, and knew not what death was, was dragged to the gallows and strangled in her unrepenting callousness of heart. Murderess as she was, we envy not the feelings of our Home Secretary when he heard of this. Shrieking, and struggling, and praying for life, she was hauled out of her prison, and carried in convulsions of terror to the scaffold, where her piteous screams, and struggles, and petitions for mercy ceased only when life became extinct. Such scenes as this may well disgust the public with capital punishment, and thus tend to do harm, by arraying the sympathies of humane persons with those who would give life to the coarse and sullen murderer. In such instances mercy would have been more to be admired in our Home Secretary than that sullen sternness which, resisting the appeal of thousands of the women of Bristol, and of the greater part of the humane population of that city, refused to extend the grace which was in his gift to the unhappy wretch, who, ignorant, callous, unfit for death as she was, was carried shrieking and struggling to the scaffold, and launched into an eternity of the nature of which she could evidently form no conception.

To recur, then, to the means for the prevention of crime. Knowledge is doubtless the great means. Secular and religious education combined form the safeguard of society against the commission of evil. The diffusion of such instruction is consequently essential. To this end the church, the press, and the school should labour. The first is a powerful instrument, but one which is too often perverted to other than its legitimate purposes;—rightly employed its influence is gigantic: improperly used it may be made the agent of incalculable mischief. We would, therefore, advise those surpliced politicians, those meek and sleek hypocrites who preach blasphemy from the pulpit, and with one voice pray heaven to bless men, whilst they encourage tyrants to curse them,—we would advise them, we say, slaves as they are themselves, to apply their eloquence to other objects than that of sweetening slavery, and vindicating despotism and privilege, and to endeavour to teach their flocks true religion. To preach piety, to inculcate sentiments of charity and good will, to create detestation of evil, and to awaken the spirit of good in their congregations—these, it seems to us, constitute the office of the Christian minister: and not a gilding of tyranny, and exhortations to be subservient to the vile will of kings and nobles.

It would appear sufficient that the rabble of peers and their parasite per-

formers, of hollow quacks and their deluded victims, the ignorant, crawling knig-worshipping multitude, should join in the pean of triumph now sung over the ruin of every successive structure of freedom which reaction shakes to the ground, and in the yell of anger with which its reconstruction is greeted. It would appear sufficient if the avowed hirelings of privilege should consent to do its dirty work, and to feed themselves with its impurity. The thing is but natural. When, however, we find the lawn-sleeved and robed ministers of religion, from the stalking bishop with his princely revenue, down to the slave who has a fat living in his eye,—when we find them, we say, preaching against liberty, shedding honey on the profligacies of courts, and the haunts of peers and their “friends,”—then we say we are disgusted. Nothing is more ennobling, nothing more worthy of respect, nothing greater, more honourable, or more dignified than the office of the preacher of the gospel. So long as he adheres to his legitimate vocation, so long may he reckon himself among the best and most useful of men; but when he stoops to lick the feet of power, to sell his eloquence for favour, and to preach the doctrines of privilege in preference before those of the gospel—and need we say how wide a gulf lies between them?—then do we despise him before all others. Crime is widely diffused; but in proportion as the empire of religion enlarges that of vice will shrink its limits.

From privilege spring poverty and ignorance, and from poverty and ignorance spring crime. The increase in the number of crimes perpetrated from 1805 to 1821, from 1821 to 1831, from thence to 1845, exhibits a fearful state of society. The malady has been spreading through the country, and every year has brought forward new theories, new schemes, new opinions, new speculators, and new discussions. Our attention has been forcibly attracted by an article in one of the ablest and most interesting monthly publications of the present day, *The Eclectic Review*. The article was published some time since, but our readers will thank us for extracting a passage which is as remarkable as it is full of truth:—

“We are led,” says the writer, “by the analysis we have made of the character of crime in England, to the conclusion that the vast proportion of it is entirely remediable. A slight advance in the moral tone of the working classes, just so much as would give them the self-respect which keeps the middle classes out of the dock and the prison, would prevent one-half the offences which now swell the returns. A large proportion of these do not imply deep moral turpitude. They do not cause a man to lose caste altogether in society. This they would do if committed by one of the middle class; why should there be difficulty in superinducing the same respect for self, the same standard of propriety, the same conventionalism, so to speak, as to a man’s station among his fellows, as in the case of the middle classes? Not that, having effected this, we would be content. The well-head of the national morals is in its recognition of moral responsibility, and its distinct perception of the laws of that responsibility. It is from this fountain that the healing streams flow which correct all our ills. It is here we find the source of that reverence for authority, that sacredness of human life, and that respect for property, which render jacqueries and barricades even all but impossibilities.”

The writer then lays down seven propositions which he establishes by facts—namely, that the criminal returns of England show an excess in the ratio of crime over and above the increase in the population of 147·8 per cent. betwixt 1805 and 1821; 33 per cent. betwixt 1821 and 1831; and 8·4 per cent. betwixt 1831 and 1845.

That whilst all the other counties of England exhibit a small excess of crime in the third period as compared with the first and second, the manufacturing counties show an actual deficiency in the rate of increase in crime, compared with the increase of population, of 1·3 per cent.

And after some interesting analytical calculations that, coupling together the facts previously established—namely, that notwithstanding the tendency of great



masses of population to engender crime, the *retardation* in the progress of crime has been most marked among those great masses, it is evident that some powerful agency has been at work to purify the national mind, to lead it from the contemplation of crime, to invest honesty and innocence with attributes before which temptation is powerless—in a word, to superinduce a better state of things, and a higher code of morality.

Nevertheless the present year shows an awful category of murders, if not so vast a proportion of minor offences. It would seem that blood is held more cheap and property more sacred than formerly. Still the greater number of assassinations spring from the desire of possessing the property of others; and this desire is in most instances the fruit of poverty; and poverty, as we have said, and as we will maintain, is the offspring of privilege; and privilege is the result of an iniquitous system of legislation. To improve our laws, therefore, would be to cut up the roots of privilege; to cut up the roots of privilege would be to drive out the gaunt form of poverty from the land; to drive out poverty would be in a great measure to stifle crime. Popular reverence for authority, forsooth, is spoken of as a result devoutly to be wished. Reverence for authority! Shall we expect the hungry, starving, and degraded wretch to respect the authority which crushes him like a reptile to the earth—which classes him among the beasts of the field—which snatches the food from his mouth—which takes away from him all honest means of livelihood—which drives him, reckless and despairing, to take shelter in that last refuge of the desperate, crime?

Sacredness of human life! The miserable outcast of society, hardened by want, ignorance, and suffering, is apt to reason but imperfectly if he reasons at all, and to sophisticate himself into the conviction that, as his own life is made of so little account by the rest of the community, he has the right to avenge himself on that community. And how does he do it? Arguing that his own existence is as sweet and as valuable as that of any other man, he betakes himself to the dark highway, to the sleeping-chamber of the defenceless and unguarded, and destroys a life that his own may be prolonged. Bitter hatred of his fellow creatures, gnawing hunger, pain, grief, and the consciousness of being despised and wronged,—these are not things which prompt the mind to refined reasoning. Crime is the consequence of them; and though the thought is far from us to palliate the guilt of the murderer or the midnight thief, yet we lay much of that guilt at the door of those whose partial legislation gives it birth. The observation—no less true because stale—that to purify a poisoned stream you must cleanse its corrupted source, applies exactly to this question. Tear up the roots of crime, and crime will wither; and do not seek by miserable subterfuges to trace it to a false origin, and then endeavour to cure the disease by quackery and affectation.

Education may exert a powerful influence in the suppression of crime, but you cannot expect the hungry poor to learn. Give them first the means of life, and then give them the means of knowledge—bread first and books after. And to accomplish this charity will be but an inefficient instrument; the only *panacea* is justice. Let us take from those who have too much, and give to those who have been robbed; or, in other words, let us have done with laws of primogeniture, with protective codes, with aristocratic exemptions and immunities, with hereditary legislation, with the disgusting extravagance which renders courts and oligarchies loathsome in the national eye, with our honorary admirals and generals, with foreign paupers and royal pensioners, with sinecures and jobs, with clothing colonels and military mummeries, with naval waste and palace waste, with placemen without duties, with salaried favourites, and all those countless and nameless iniquities which give food to the workhouse, the gaol, and the gibbet, which fill the hulks and penal colonies, which cover the country with destitution and consequent crime, and are fast urging society to a state of complete demoralisation.

These and no other than these are the sources whence proceed the murders,

robberies, and petty delinquencies which every day swell the list of criminals. We are not contending that were destitution to disappear entirely crime would show itself no more. It is an evil which will doubtless afflict society so long as society exists; but it is an evil which may be mitigated, and its mitigation is our object. To destroy its chief causes would be to render crime of less frequent occurrence; and if it can be shown that the vile system of privilege which now debases one class in order to bestow unnatural elevation on another is a fruitful source of poverty, then it is clear that it is a fruitful source of crime also; for experience incontestibly proves that ignorance and want are the parents of crime.

We have not entered statistically into this question; we have regarded it only from a particular point of view, for to discuss it fully and in detail would demand more than we can bestow; our object, however, is to awaken in the reader's mind the conviction that there is something essentially wrong in the condition of society. What it is we have on many occasions indicated. It is privilege, which robs the people—which taxes all the citizens of this empire to support its own extravagance—which deprives the poor of their bread as well as their means of education—which is hastening us towards national bankruptcy or something which in the eyes of many persons is worse. What this may be we shall not mention, but merely point to the Continent, to Germany, Italy, Hungary, and show what were the fruits of unjust legislation there. We would recommend certain noble lords when they next assemble, with their empty heads, their selfish hearts, and bodies palsied with profligacy, to discuss the question of crime, its prevention, and its punishment, to ask themselves how many murders, how many offences against property, how much vice, how much immorality, how much destitution and suffering, how much starvation and misery, take their origin in their measures? Let them, if they can, answer the charge. Meanwhile, if crime is committed, if we cannot stay its progress by destroying its cause, it is neither by fostering murderers nor by falling into the extreme of ferocity that we shall benefit the country.

## MY FIRST SKIRMISH.

By A FIELD OFFICER.

NEVER shall I forget the almost infantine delight I experienced when the colonel of the gallant —th announced from the mess-table that the regiment was under orders for India—six weeks being given us to make our arrangements and bid adieu to our friends. I was then barely eighteen, but tall for my years, and of an ardent aspiring mind. I loved the profession, and was well instructed in its various duties, my father having been a soldier before me; he was accidentally drowned on his passage from North America, leaving three sons and two daughters to inherit, share and share alike with his widow, the princely fortune he had acquired in India, his large entailed property coming into the possession of my brother Henry. On leaving the table, Colonel G—, who was my uncle on my mother's side, handed me a letter brought by the orderly with the dispatch from the Horse Guards. Its contents were short—it was from her—she had been informed of our destination—she regretted it—because she feared I was too young and inexperienced. Her wish was that I should exchange commissions and remain in England for one or two years longer, but if my inclinations were to go out with the regiment, she would not stand in my way. The colonel soon after my reading this letter sent for me and expressed similar fears and views, but I pleaded with him so effectually, triumphing over every obstacle his almost parental kindness placed in my way, that I soon obtained his reluctant consent to accompany the first detachment to Bombay.

It is not my intention to detail occurrences taking place previous to my embarking on board ship—the bustle—the excitement—the expense—and the final agony of parting with those we love or are attached to, is known to every humanised heart, and recorded in every book of travels: suffice it to say that in due time I embarked in the good ship *Hastings*, then in the service of the Honourable East India Company, and before many days was on the broad ocean waters sailing for the East. The vessel was a noble one, having ample accommodation for the detachment, amounting to two hundred and fifty men, besides forty passengers. Our voyage was short and prosperous, for neither sickness nor sorrow were seen in the ship, the commander was an excellent fellow, kept a good table, good wine, of which there was no stint, and had an excellent band on board—fully sensible of the important trust imposed upon him, he was, nevertheless, a thorough convivialist; could give and take a joke in fair weather, and was most considerably blind to all our little extravagancies.

On landing at Bombay I was as usual struck with the appearance of everything around me—the scenery, the dresses, the parti-coloured races, the solemnity of carriages of some; the hurry, bustle, driving, swearing, tearing, and jabbering of others; the fruits, the bazaars, all were new to me. I passed on from thence to Poonah, and my chagrin rose in proportion as I swept over the magnificent ghats and found myself located in a large desolate plain, where there was nothing to relieve the eye or to offer a kindly shelter from the fierce tropical sun and overwhelming clouds of dust. At Poonah I was initiated into all the mysteries of Indian life—drank brandy pawnee—devoured curries as hot as ignited gunpowder—smoked my chillum—flogged my niggers—and took my siesta with praiseworthy regularity. But my great delight was jungle warfare, no matter whether noble or ignoble, the denizens of uncultivated waste felt and acknowledged my power, for I was an excellent shot, and plied my rifle like a true borderer—not that I always escaped with impunity; I had, in fact, my full share in the disasters of field and flood; once in particular I had an ugly poke of the ribs inflicted by the tusks of an angry boar, whom I had honoured

by transfixing with my lance. On another occasion I had a lucky fall some hundred feet down an inclined plane into a valley as I was employing my rifle upon pea-fowl and deer—I say lucky, for the mere accident of my rolling into and becoming entangled in a thorn bush prevented my going over a precipice; the only effect produced by these and numberless escapades was to add to my former sum of prudence and forethought, and prepare my youthful frame for the labours and privations which I have since undergone. These amusements did not, however, interfere with my studies, I was ambitious to distinguish myself and rise in my profession, and therefore studied hard in all seasonable times.

I had now been in Poonah twelve months; had passed through the little disagreeables common to all new comers into this part of the country from Europe; and was, in fact, considered climatized, when a day's rash exposure to the sun laid me by the heels—the fever was short and severe, but its debilitating effects did not leave me for some time after. It was just as I was able to crawl out of bed that an order came for the regiment to take the field and that such as were invalids—including, of course, myself—should remain until further orders. My grief at this intelligence was beyond all bounds—war—war—war—had occupied my thoughts by day, my dreams by night; in imagination I was already the hero of a hundred fights; the observed of all observers. By severe and protracted studies I had qualified for this hour, and now the hour was come I was mewling and puling on a bed of sickness. I thought to be strong in despite of nature, but no sooner was my foot planted upon the earth than my head, heavy as the hammer of a Cyclops, bowed itself upon my breast, and then it burned and whirled until all consciousness—all idea had disappeared and my feeble frame sank to the earth. There was no help for it—stay I must, and stay I did, and little did I then think that what I considered the greatest punishment I could possibly have undergone on earth would be the means whereby all my earthly desires would be attained, giving me rank, distinction, fortune—alas! how short-sighted is man even in his highest, noblest pride of intellect.

As I slowly gained my strength so my ideas became more excited, and my desire to join the regiment was more insatiable, depriving me of my natural rest, and consequently retarding my recovery. But my mind was soon occupied with other matters, the cholera made its appearance at Poonah, and soon converted this unhealthy cantonment into one great charnel-house. Hundreds of men, women, and children, were swept away before it, and my detachment suffered so severely that when the report was sent in I was ordered to Belgara with as little delay as possible; and never did prisoner leave his iron-bound and stone-covered tenement to breathe the fresh air of Heaven with greater pleasure than I did to leave this human Golgotha, for I had long considered that this and many other spots of encampment for the Indian army were chosen purgatories, in which multitudes are doomed to suffer for the folly of their rulers.

I was now in a country replete in the beauty of oriental scenery, such as orient lands only can produce. The cantonment was disposed in the midst of a large plain, covered with the richest herbage, through which the broad expansive stream wended its way. Close to the cantonments a splendid promenade stretched along the river shaded by the giant banyans, tamarinds, guavas, lime, and other fruit and forest trees; large groves of orange trees, mangoes, and other fruits intersected the adjoining land, the thickly-populated villages here sent forth their busy noisy crowds; the numerous Hindoo temples were almost unceasingly occupied by the ardent worshippers of Hunhamann, and the air during the day was filled with the soft notes of the bulbul, the thrush, the minor, and other singing birds. All was life in its highest, and, as it would appear, its most certain enjoyment. On the other side of the river the country was covered with dense jungle, dotted with villages and cultivated tracks. In the jungle was to be found all kinds of game, and suited to every taste; tigers, chetas, hyenas, jackals, wild buffalo, deer, pea-fowl, jungle-cock, and a vast variety of birds and animals. But in my desire for glory these beauties of Nature were overlooked. I was far

from happy, and away from my regiment. I felt isolated and cheerless. From my companions I heard occasionally, and their letters, redolent with chivalrous feeling and military ardour, seemed to reproach me with my forced activity. They were at Collaporee, and were then about taking the field against the Goorkhars, then in open rebellion against the Indian government, and nothing was spoken of but rapid promotion and prize money. Thus they fed the fuel of my discontent until I was almost tempted to forget the duties of my station and join them without orders, but Fortune had not quite deserted me—a new turn was given to the current of affairs—I had my revenge of them. One of those simple circumstances which often cast their shadow before great events had occurred, threatening consequences of a fearful nature.

Besides the invalids, I had with me the women and children of the regiment, who, the country being in perfect tranquillity, were permitted to wander where they list. One evening several women sought shelter from the noonday sun, and amused themselves by rambling through the groves of orange, pomegranate, guava, and other fruits with which this part abounded. Without thinking of or dreading any consequences of a prolonged excursion, they pushed on until they had reached the extremity of the cultivated parts, and found themselves in a large open plain bounded on all sides by fruit trees which at the extreme length were backed up by high towering palms and forest trees. In the midst of the plain stood an ancient temple, much honoured by the surrounding inhabitants. It was indeed a beautiful specimen of the kind; the whole edifice rested upon the backs of animals resembling nothing perhaps in Heaven, or earth, or the waters underneath. From the backs of these animals sixteen massive pilasters arose to the height of twenty-four feet, and were entirely covered with sculpture, in exquisitely-executed hieroglyphics and figures of Brahma, Vishnu, and other Indian deities, interwoven with other singular devices. Above all arose the tall tapering tower, from whence a distant view of the adjacent country greeted the eye until it was arrested by the surrounding ghauts. The architrave was of green stone, still more elaborately and beautifully ornamented, and within the temple sat the goddess Siva, carved in black granite of exquisite grain and polish, having crystal eyes and richly decorated with bangles and festoons formed of the white jessamine flower. Seating themselves on the steps the women beguiled a weary hour or two away in social chat, and had arisen, preparatory to their return home, when one of them seeing none of the natives near, and urged on by curiosity, entered the temple. Seeing the image so profusely decorated with flowers she unthinkingly began to pluck some of them; but the act—a sacrilegious one in the eyes of the Gentoos—cost her dear, for the next moment a creese was buried in her bosom, and with a fearful shriek she fell dead to the earth. Her companions fled, winged by fear, towards the cantonment, and on their arrival related to Major B——, with as much coherence as their fearful agitation would permit, the particulars of this horrid murder.

Sending for the nearest chowdra (native magistrate), a short consultation was held, and a few questions being put to the women it appeared that one of them was standing within the precincts of the temple when the murder took place, and from her description of the murderer, who must have been concealed behind the image, little doubt was entertained as to the man, who was well known in the cantonment. A detachment was forthwith ordered to the village where he resided, and in the absence of the senior officer I had the honour to be appointed to head it. Receiving my instructions, I departed, accompanied by the chowdra, a little before sunset, the little detachment under my charge being well provided with ammunition, my orders being to employ force if the least resistance was offered by the villagers. On arriving at the temple I left a corporal's guard there, giving them orders to post sentries at a convenient distance around it, and to make prisoners of all natives who approached it; and having made this disposition I departed for the village, dispatching the chowdra and three men before me, with a demand that the murderer should be immediately delivered up



to justice. Halting about half a mile from it, after about an hour's waiting, the chowdra returned with the information that the whole village was in the greatest confusion, the able-bodied men having all left for the jungle; they had searched every dwelling in hopes of finding the delinquent, or of obtaining further information, but without success; several small parties had been seen by them skulking through the groves, but it was too dark to see whether they were armed or not. After a careful examination of the immediate neighbourhood I departed for the temple, and on my arrival the corporal reported that none of the villagers had ventured within the line of sentries, but that large bodies had been heard rustling by and making for a ravine distant about a quarter of a mile, as they did not come within the limits of the watch, and did not appear to be aware of the presence of the troops, he did not think it proper to molest them without further instructions.

From this appearance of things, and the known disposition of the villagers, I began to suspect we should have no idle errand of it; I therefore bade my men to look well to their pieces, and to be prepared for any emergency, and should it come to an open conflict, to be as sparing as possible of their ammunition, not firing without being pretty sure of their mark; then, extending the line of sentries, I enjoined to a careful watch on every side, lest they should attempt to come on us by surprise, and to pass the word should they see or hear any of their movements. Having made these dispositions I determined to await the break of day, unless events ordered otherwise.

It was midnight as I stood upon the upper step of the temple peering into vacancy; the rain fell in fleecy particles, and the night was unusually dark, still the night air was oppressive, being rendered more so by the spot on which I stood being so closely environed with trees; hour after hour passed away, and still I heard nothing unusual—nothing but the wild uproar of men and animals. In England night is the season of repose; it is not so in India, here with darkness all animated nature appears to be awakened into action; it is then the tiger, the hyena, and the jackal turn out of their lairs in search of food, and the horrid cries of the one, mingled with the howls of the other, the croakings of frogs, the chirping of crickets, and the discordant sounds proceeding from the Rham Samme pipes, tom-toms, and other instruments of native music, render night truly hideous, and pale the hearts of the stoutest, as, listless and inactive, they find themselves isolated watchers in the wilds. For awhile my thoughts were fixed upon outward objects, and all my senses were keenly alive to all that was passing around me; but as I watched and watched, so the inward thoughts began to triumph. I was very young—was embarking in a perilous enterprise—not such an one as I had fondly pictured to my young and ardent imagination—the thronged and glorious battle-field—the crash of artillery and the blaze of ensigns—not where numbers contend with numbers—but a petty village broil, and under circumstances more suited to the land of the West, where the hunter and the red man contend for mastery—and then the cause—was it just? The Christian creed says, "Thou shalt do no murder." The Hindoo creed requires that each man shall preserve his caste and defend the altars of his deity to the death—Psha! A soldier has no business with metaphysics, his duty is to obey. To these thoughts succeed others—home, friends, all that is dear to the heart, and desirous to the imagination, pass in panoramic review. To these succeed thoughts of responsibilities. This is my first essay in arms—how shall I acquit myself? Can I possibly fear when the stern reality comes? I may be killed? These new and undefinable feelings would creep over me, and visions of horror crowd upon the mind. The battle-field is before me, and there are corpses festering in the sun, or preyed upon by the vulture and the jackal. Thus passed the night of my noviciate—my waking dreams being interrupted ever and anon by the sharp click of the sentries' pieces as they brought them to the rest.

I had sent out scouts to obtain information as to the intention and whereabouts of the natives. About three o'clock in the morning they returned, and

reported that the natives were assembled in great numbers; that many of them were armed with matchlocks, which were plainly distinguishable, as some of them were in the act of burning the end of the cotton attached to the pieces. It was also gathered from the conversation, which was carried on in an undertone, that the murderer was amongst them and stood high in their estimation. Many threats were used, and a general disposition was manifested among them to act upon the defensive and endeavour to raise the country against the English commander and the troops under his command. Our conjectures as to the murderer were also correct; it was Lall Singh, an old but very powerful man, resident of the village searched by us, and one who was depending for his existence solely upon the cantonment, where he was well known as a vender of flowers. Upon receiving this information I ordered my men to fall in, and proceeded towards the Nulla, where halting within a short distance of one of the entrances I deputed the chowdra, who was very desirous to go to treat with the villagers for the surrender of the man, promising that in the event of their doing so no further mischief should befall them. In about half an hour, being much sooner than I expected, the chowdra returned to us; he reported that they not only refused to give him up, but had expressed their determination to revenge the insult offered to their religion by massacring every European that fell in their way. He also confirmed the intelligence that they were well armed and provided. Under these circumstances, and being aware that the chowdra had been followed for the purpose of ascertaining our numbers and position, I made a sudden *detour* to the right, with the view of taking them to the flank, and having gained the position I required, I ordered the skirmishers out, having about thirty brave fellows to form a reserve, taking my station with the chowdra in front; and about seventy yards in this position from the enemy I waited anxiously for the dawn of day, determining before using force to make one more effort to secure the man by peaceable means. Daybreak at last came, and with it a shower of bullets—no less than seven of which pierced the chowdra's body. This desperate act of theirs cut off all further negotiation; my young blood was up, and from that moment I felt myself a hero. The compliment was returned with interest; the battle continued long and obstinate, for the enemy were ten to one in point of numbers, and wrought up to madness by fanaticism they fought like devils—nothing, indeed, but cool courage and determined resolution could have saved us. Many of them after discharging their matchlocks threw them aside and rushed upon our little band, sword in hand, cutting and hacking without the least attempt of acting upon the defensive, and one in particular of a horrid bandit appearance when his sword was struck from him, actually fought with his hands and teeth, until bayoneted to death. The most fanatic of the mob had already met their death. I now gave orders to charge bayonets, and well did the gallant fellows execute their task, for in less than five minutes the ravine was completely cleared of the whole of them. But with this success our difficulties increased, for becoming bold under cover of the bushes, the matchlockmen began to play upon us most vigorously; hereupon I ordered the men to take to the trees, and inclining gradually to the right endeavour to take them in flank and drive them from cover.

It now became a trial of skill in ball practice—and here I must candidly confess the superiority of the native marksmen; which was soon demonstrated by their picking off some of my best men; still as neither the one nor the other were practised in jungle warfare, and as great havoc was made with the enemy, we eventually succeeded in turning their flank and causing them to make a precipitous retreat into a more open space of ground, when a charge of the bayonet played havoc with them. It was heading this charge I received a severe wound, a bullet striking me on the left fore-arm and inflicting a severe flesh wound. I fell to the earth, when the brave fellows having dispersed the enemy returned to me, and binding up the wound with as much expedition as possible, and administering a draught of water I was able in a very few minutes to resume

the command, and resume the attack by advancing through the opening into which I had driven them. At this moment of, I may say victory, to my inexpressible joy a body of gorra peons (horse police) were seen approaching on the opposite side, and driving back the villagers into the jungle. They soon joined us, with Mornington at their head, who, warmly congratulating me on the determined stand I had made against overwhelming numbers, informed me that the whole of the villages were in arms, and unless prompt measures were taken the now retreating enemy would be joined by large reinforcements.

Concealed within the dense jungle, they appeared to bid defiance to our advance, when I proposed, as the wind was then driving behind them, that a few of the gorra peons should be dispatched in that direction and set fire to the jungle. No sooner said than done: the fire ran along the withered grass, as Jonathan expresses it, "like greased lightning," it caught the bushes; it mounted the trees; and the whole atmosphere was soon one vast body of smoke, driving full on the enemy. Our little body of men now advanced to the attack, but the enemy spared us further trouble, they had received considerable reinforcement, and emboldened by their numbers they now met us on the plain, and the conflict once more became general. A short but deadly struggle ensued, in which the gorra peons suffered severely, as they were carried by their ardour into the midst of the enemy. But once more the bayonet triumphed, and we had turned them just as the smoke in huge volumes broke over their head. The confusion then became general, hemmed in on the one side by the burning jungle, on the other three sides by men flushed with victory, and proudly conscious of their superiority, they had no alternative but surrender or die. Many of them, excited to madness by fanaticism, rushed into the jungle and were immediately suffocated; others met their fate at the point of the bayonet, and the greater portion of them flung down their arms. A group of about fifty villages were, however, still in arms and making the most desperate efforts to force their way; and thus in the midst of dense masses of smoke and showers of fire the battle raged for some time, but man after man fell, and Lall Ramber, the author of all this horrid butchery, was at length brought down with the rest, after exhibiting an indomitable bravery worthy a better cause.

Our loss in this onslaught was very severe, amounting in the whole to about forty killed and thirty-two wounded; of this number killed twenty-nine were peons. Several of the men died afterwards of their wounds, in consequence of the villagers charging their matchlocks with broken bangles and toe rings. The loss on the part of the enemy must have been very severe, as we counted one hundred and eighty bodies on the field, and many others were afterwards discovered in the jungle, where they had been suffocated. Of the prisoners taken some were condemned to labour in chains for life on the roads; others were imprisoned for various periods, but the majority were dismissed to their villages.

Besides the wound I had received in the arm I had another in the calf of my leg, inflicted by the creese of a fanatic as I passed rapidly over his dying carcass, but I soon recovered my health, and ere two months had elapsed I was on my way to head-quarters, being appointed aide-de-camp to the commander-in-chief. Having now room to develop my military genius, and frequent opportunities for distinguishing myself I soon ran up the ladder of promotion, each rise in the service bringing vividly to remembrance "**MY FIRST SKIRMISH.**"

## THE GARDENS OF CABUL.

By NICHOLAS MICHELL,

AUTHOR OF "RUINS OF MANY LANDS."

The province of Cabul, in Afghanistan, has been famous from time immemorial for its fertility; the snowy mountains of Hindoo Cosh on the north, and other lofty ridges on the south-east, render the climate very variable. In the spring and autumn it is delightful, but in the summer the heat is oppressive. Superadded to many of the products of India and Persia, all the fruit trees and flowers that flourish in Europe are found here, and seen from the Sultan Baber's tomb on a hill near the city of Cabul, the country around looks like one delightful garden.

Girt by wild rocky mountains, bloom the bowers,

Of bright Cabul—a land of fruits and flowers,

Where the proud Affghan treads a blessed soil,

That yields all nature asks with little toil—

A land where God his heavenliest smile hath thrown

On all beneath—man, man the blot alone.

Oh! who this matchless region may behold,

When Springs laughs out, or Autumn sows her gold,

The meadows, orchards, streams that glide in light,

Nor deem lost Irem charms again his sight,

That wondrous garden rivalling Eden's bloom,

Too blest for man to view this side the tomb?\*

Flowers here of every scent, and form, and dye,

Lift their bright heads, and laugh upon the sky,

From the tall tulip, with her rich-streaked bell,

Where, throned in state, Queen Mab is proud to dwell,

To lowly wind-flowers gaudier plants eclipse,

And pensile harebells with their dewy lips:

There turns the heliotrope to court the sun,

And up green stalks the starry jasmines run;

The hyacinth in tender pink outvies

Beauty's soft neck, and violets match her eyes;

\* The garden of Irem, say Arabian chroniclers, was made by King Sheddad, in the desert of Aden, in imitation of Paradise; Sheddad perished for his impiety, and the garden became invisible.—See Sale's "Notes to the Koran."

*The Gardens of Cabul.*

Sweet breathe the henna-flowers, that harem girls  
 So love to twine among their glossy curls;  
 And here the purple pansy springs to birth,  
 Like some gay insect rising from the earth :  
 One sheet of bloom the level green sward yields,  
 And simple daisies speak of England's fields :  
 Drawn by sweet odour's spell, in humming glee,  
 Flits round the bloomy stock the robber bee,  
 While to the gorgeous musk-rose, all night long,  
 The love-sick bulbul pours her melting song.  
 Then, too, the varied fruits that hang and glow,  
 Tempting as those which wrought our mother's woe ;  
 Soft shines the mango on its stem so tall,  
 Rich gleams beneath the melon's golden ball ;  
 How feasts the eye upon the bell-shaped pear !  
 Bright cherries look like corals strung in air :  
 The purple plum, the grape the hand may reach,  
 Vie with the downy-skinned and blushing peach :  
 Though small, its place the luscious strawberry claims,  
 Mid snowy flowers the radiant orange flames ;  
 To quench the thirst the cooling guava see,  
 And ripe pomegranates melting on the tree ;  
 And here, too, England's favourite fruit is seen,  
 The red-cheeked apple, veiled by leaves of green :  
 Ah ! at the sight sweet thoughts of home awake,  
 And foreign lands are welcomed for its sake.

Thrice genial clime ! Oh, favoured, sweet Cabul !  
 Well art thou named the blest—the beautiful !  
 With snow-peaked hills around thee—guarding arms !  
 Ah ! would thy sons were worthy of thy charms.  
 Wild are those tribes, a free but barbarous race,  
 Crime still the shadow darkening nature's face.  
 What to the Affghan's eye is smiling earth ?  
 What scenes of glory ?—things of little worth ;  
 Not his the finer joys, the charms of lore,  
 The taste that brightens, and the thoughts that soar,  
 His highest aim to lead his mountain horde,  
 And bathe in blood his Koran-graven sword.



# ADVENTURES OF A FRENCH REPUBLICAN.

By PERCY B. ST. JOHN.

## BOOK II.—ST. MERY.

### CHAPTER I.—THE MARQUIS DE FRONTIGNAC.

THE occupants of an aristocratic residence in the Faubourg St. Germain, that dismal, and solemn, and unwholesome quarter of nobility, in Paris, were about to receive company. The *porte-cochere* was thrown open wide to admit carriages into the spacious court-yard, at the bottom of which an awning was erected over the entrance of the mansion. About nine o'clock the earlier among the visitors began to arrive, and about ten the stream had got so thick as to fill the Rue de Varennes with carriages from one end to the other. All that was beautiful and fashionable in Paris had given themselves rendezvous on this occasion.

Madame la Marquise de Frontignac gave a ball—rather out of season, it is true, but Madame la Marquise was rather eccentric in her fancies. She had every right to be so, for she was young, beautiful, and rich, and above all, of spotless reputation and pure heart. She sat near the entrance of her *suite* of rooms ready to receive the stream of arrivals; while her husband, the Marquis de Frontignac, a handsome tall young man, of somewhat serious aspect, stood near her.

The Marquis de Frontignac was the representative of one of the oldest families in France, and was as rich as he was honourable, as far as empty title was concerned. He had suddenly appeared upon the stage of life, and was already remarkable for his independence of principle, his high sense of honour, and his uncompromising hostility to the new king, Louis-Philippe. Sarcastic, full of the fire of genius, and plain spoken, the Marquis de Frontignac's sayings had reached the very years of the citizen monarch, who, while smarting under their severity, had sufficient cunning and acuteness to try and win over the dangerous opponent. But the marquis received all the advances made to him with haughty disdain, and was set down in the books of the police as an extreme and obstinate Carlist.

The way in which the marquis had treated the advances of Louis-Philippe, *Roi des Français*, amply satisfied the aristocratic circle of the marquis's acquaintance; and if they missed the enthusiasm which he might have shown for Henry V.—the child of miracle, as his inane worshippers designated the unfortunate heir of the Bourbons, whose unwieldy form, gartered neck, and crippled feet his followers efface to show a tall handsome youth in his pictures—they laid it to the account of his extreme caution. Some even whispered that this proved that the long retirement of the marquis from society during his minority had been devoted to education in a Jesuit college.

Of course this was a high recommendation with persons for whom kings, priests, and nobles are the only real men and women of the earth, all the rest being *canaille*, as one would think they really were, if one judged from their long submission to the rule of such individuals.

But the marquis was more explicit when his circle was restricted to his immediate friends, to the Count de Chanteleuze, Maximilien de la Roche Poussin his father, Helene his wife, and to Count Theodore, and Marie, the wife of the last, and sister of the first.

The Marquis de Frontignac was no other than our old friend, Victor Lefranc. He had assumed his title, his rank, and position from many motives. In the first place for the sake of his wife and wife's relations, who had made this a kind of condition of the marriage, and then because he was thus more effectually able to assist his political friends. Position had not altered Victor Lefranc; he was still a Republican, ardent, enthusiastic, full of hope. He knew well that in France, resting on an ultra-democratic basis of property, rendering a powerful aristocracy an impossibility, monarchy was impossible. The shadows of the old revolution falling back from the giant forms of Robespierre, Danton, St. Just, &c., cast a halo of light round the monarchy, which lived because an old revolution had been from accident violent. Men reasoned not upon the causes which made the terror necessary and inevitable in these days; they only remembered the excesses. But time was going on, the level of political justice was being found, individual prejudices and passions were passing away, and the good of the revolution, its great and glorious results, were beginning to be seen above the excesses. Besides, education was advancing; primary instruction was being instituted; and the greatest royalist statesmen in France own that monarchy and education cannot exist in France—the severest condemnation of monarchy ever yet passed on that institution.

The Marquis de Frontignac knew all this, and his efforts were directed now to two things, the increase of the numbers of the members of secret societies, and the spread of education.

Victor had become suddenly a great card player. Three times a week a party of intimate friends were admitted to the rooms devoted to whist, *kansquet*, *boston*, &c. The more thoroughly to enjoy the excitement, the servants were sent away, when card-playing ceased at once, and the sitting of the *nucleus* of a republican conspiracy begun. For two hours politics were solemnly discussed, after which the guests turned again to cards, the servants brought refreshments, some acquaintances dropped in, and to keep up the illusion, on these occasions the tables were kept up until a late hour.

Even the ball given by Helene with such magnificence was not without its object, as will be seen in the course of the narrative.

We left the marquis standing by his wife's chair, to receive and present to her such persons as she was herself not personally acquainted with.

Count Theodore and the lovely Marie were among the first of the guests, while the Count de Chanteleuze—the countess was dead—soon followed.

Maximilien lived in the same house with his son, but as his guest, he never having consented to resume the possession of the vast wealth he had voluntarily resigned so many years before.

The young Countess de Chanteleuze sat herself down by the marquise, and soon between the receptions an animated discourse ensued. Smiling lips, sparkling eyes, eager questions, showed the deep interest they felt in the subject. They were talking of their infant children, a boy and girl, born at an interval only of ten days, the girl—Marie's child—being the youngest.

The young men also spoke apart every now and then with evident signs of feeling warmly. But they were fathers, not mothers, and they were talking politics.

"Monsieur Pierre de Gonfran!" announced the servant.

The two young men smiled: it was at the *de* assumed by plain Peter Gonfran.

The visitor was of middle age, dressed rather too richly, with long hair, and a beard and *moustache* somewhat suspicious—at least so thought many of the guests.

"I am sure that *monsieur* is a *citoyen*," observed a self-sufficient Royalist.

"I am sure he's a horrid Republican," replied an old lady.

"Never mind," whispered a Jesuitical-looking individual, who stood close by, "these *canaille* will do the work; they will overthrow the usurper, and then we can easily crush them. All who are against him are our allies for the while;

so I admire much the wisdom shown by the marquis in admitting such people to his parties."

Meanwhile Pierre Gonfran had advanced towards the marquis, followed by a stout man with thick reddish hair and whiskers, and an irreproachable costume.

"Allow me, monsieur the marquis, to present to you my friend, M. Pelisson de Malarinet, a great whist player, who desires much to join our little evenings."

This meant a sincere Republican, who wishes to affiliate himself to our society.

Victor and Theodore both glanced hurriedly at M. Pelisson de Malarinet, who bowed with some little of confusion, which did not escape Victor.

"M. Pelisson de Malarinet is most welcome. When the rest of the company shall have retired we may form a rubber."

M. Malarinet bowed low, and having been presented to the *marquise*, moved onwards.

"Keep your eye on that Malarinet," whispered Victor to Theodore, "and when we get him at whist play in earnest, and don't speak a word about politics."

Theodore nodded, and walked after the gentleman.

"Gonfran," said Victor to the conspirator, "you are a terrible careless fellow."

"Marquis!" replied Gonfran.

"An awful careless fellow."

"But, marquis—"

"If not you are a traitor. One of the other is certain."

The Republican looked at Victor in wild astonishment.

"You have brought here to-night a spy, a police agent, whose sole object is to worm out our secrets."

"Malarinet?"

"The same."

"I give you my word," cried Gonfran, "you are mistaken."

"As your officer," whispered Victor, "I command you to say not one word of politics to that man, and when you sit down to cards to play as if it were the business of your life. This will make up for your blunder. On no account must that scoundrel suspect us of having a political intent. Your future proceedings must be guided by the decision of the committee."

Gonfran bowed, and followed Malarinet, who was moving about the room with a vacant air, as if in search of some one he knew.

"Victor," said the *marquise* to her husband, "I certainly know that face, but I cannot recollect the person."

The marquis stooped to pick up his wife's fan. As he stooped he whispered one word.

"Merciful God!" replied Helene, turning pale.

"Don't be alarmed; unmasked, he is no longer dangerous. Ah, Monsieur de Vertpré, how are you?"

And the young man took the arm of the new arrival, and moved up and down the room.

Dancing commenced, and soon the whole scene was one of remarkable life and animation.

## CHAPTER II.—THE CABINET.

THE card-room was a small side room at the very end of the suite of apartments, and was at present wholly unoccupied. Whist tables were laid out, but no one had attempted to play; candles were lighted, however, and all was in readiness.

When the dance was at its liveliest, a man entered the card-room, and examined it with careful eye.

It was Malarinet.

Where he stood no one could see him, and he could see no one, but he did not notice a large mirror which copied his slightest movements.

He took up a pack of cards, and turned them over carelessly in his hands; while so doing he glanced hurriedly round the room. A door caught his eye.

Glancing rapidly at the ball-room, he remarked that attention was drawn away from the card-room. He turned the handle of the door; it opened, and a dark cabinet was visible. The man smiled with an ugly satisfaction. He closed the door, and went to the window, which he also opened—it looked upon a garden.

"Whisht!" said he, in a low whisper.

"*Salut.*"

"Quick," he replied.

A ladder was applied to the window, and while Malarmet kept his eye fixed on the door leading to the ball-room, two men hurried up, entered the room, and closed the window.

"In yon cabinet," said Malarmet.

The men, who wore a kind of shabby-genteel costume, obeyed in silence, and in a minute more were ensconced behind the door, which Malarmet closed after them.

"I will take a hand," said the voice of Count Theodore at the door, "if we can find a fourth."

"Ah, we have just been lucky," replied the marquis; "here is M. Malarmet."

"Most happy," said that gentleman, quickly; "you see I was admiring the comfort of this room."

"It is quiet and retired, suitable in all things to whist," continued the marquis; "and as the dancing is now fully afloat, let us shut the door, and set to work; I feel in vein to night."

Gonfran closed the door, and then advancing to the table the four men cut for partners, and the count and marquis were together against Malarmet and Gonfran.

"Russian whist, Napoleon points," said the marquis.

"Agreed," replied Gonfran.

"As you like," added Malarmet, unable to hide a slight grimace.

The party sat down, and for some minutes were silent. The brothers-in-law marked a rubber of thirty almost before a word was spoken.

Malarmet looked meaningly at Gonfran, who replied by paying double attention to his game.

"Six hundred francs in one rubber," exclaimed he, "you *are* in the vein to-night, monsieur le marquis."

"A first rubber decides nothing," cried Victor.

Malarmet looked curiously at the whole party.

"Your deal, Theodore," said the marquis; "six to one."

"What news is stirring?" asked Gonfran, suddenly.

"Nothing of importance," replied Victor, "except that the republican *canaille* are suspected to be organising a movement."

Malarmet played a card hurriedly.

"You trump hearts," said Theodore, with a smile, as the king fell on his partner's ace.

Gonfran led hearts again; Malarmet played a seven, and Theodore took it with an eight.

"Partner!" exclaimed Gonfran.

"Excuse me," said Malarmet; "my attention was drawn off for a moment."

M. Gonfran bowed and smiled; he perfectly understood that his partner must be a little astonished.

"You said 'republican *canaille*,' I think?" observed Malarmet.

"I did," replied the marquis; "and what other name would you give to men who are organised disturbers of society, who are never satisfied but when attacking order and law? But pardon, perhaps monsieur leans that way."

"No," said Malarinet, confusedly; "I am certainly very liberal in my tendencies, but—"

"What is that noise?" cried the marquis, rising suddenly.

"Where?" answered Theodore.

"It comes from that cupboard. I heard a whisper."

The marquis raised the cover of a small work-table, and drew forth a pair of pistols.

"Ring the bell, M. Gonfran," said Victor, quietly.

In a minute a side door opened, and two livery servants entered.

"Call Jean and Paul," cried the marquis.

Jean and Paul came.

"Now come out, gentlemen," exclaimed the marquis, "or receive the contents of these two five-barrelled pistols."

The door of the cabinet opened, and the two men appeared, pale and trembling.

"What did you in there?" said Victor, menacingly. "Excuse me, Monsieur Malarinet, I see you don't move, you are an intrepid player, we will resume in a moment."

"No hurry at all," said Malarinet, taking a long breath.

The men stood doggedly silent.

"Take these men," cried Victor to the servants, "tie their arms behind their backs, and march them off to the prefecture of police. Give my compliments to the prefect, and inform him that I shall deposit a formal complaint in the morning."

The servants obeyed, and the two men allowed themselves to be led away without saying a word.

"Pray excuse the interruption," said the marquis; "we will now finish our game."

Malarinet muttered something which was inaudible, and dealt.

At the end of an hour more Victor and Theodore were the winners of eighty points, which made 1,600 francs.

Malarinet paid with a very bad grace, and the whist party moved towards the ball-room.

"My agents caught!—fleeced of sixteen hundred francs!—and none the wiser!" muttered Malarinet to himself; "but if they are sharp I will prove sharper."

And the man followed with piercing eye on the footsteps of the marquis, who handed his winnings at the first convenient opportunity to Gonfran.

"Monsieur le marquis, I am really ashamed."

"Bah! I am too rich to take that man's money. *Entre freres ont partage*; you will find it useful."

"I expect I will," cried the conspirator, putting it away carefully. "Monsieur le marquis will remember I have been married only ten days: I can now go into my own furniture."

"A bright idea," said Victor, with a smile, remembering what that sum would have been to him less than two years before.

"Where have you been?" cried Helene, advancing towards her husband.

"Playing whist, of course," exclaimed Marie, with a pout.

"Playing whist, as you say," replied Victor, with a laugh.

"Stupid game," said Marie.

"For the young and the fair, yes," replied her brother; "but wait till you're old, Marie."

"Do ladies ever grow old?" asked Marie, with a look of comic defiance.

"Very," replied Victor, gravely.

"And this man is taken for a conspirator!" muttered Malarinet; "why he is a regular card-player and *bavard*."

And the man turned away, as if disgusted, in search of higher game.

The moment Victor saw that Malarinet was at a distance he whispered to his



wife and sister, took the arm of Theodore, and slipped out. The hall once reached, they took cloaks and hats, and were next minute in the street.

### CHAPTER III.—THE NOVITIATE.

VICTOR and Theodore had received early notice to attend their section, to be present at the reception of a new member, previous to which, however, they were to join a sitting of the *Comité de Salut public*, as the small body at the head of the great conspiracy was then called.

"I wonder you spared that fellow Malarinet," observed Count Theodore, "when you caught his agents. I think it would have been wise to have secured all the birds at once."

"I had my reasons. He will cross our path again before long, doubt you not. When I have him I will hold him," said Victor, with a somewhat sinister expression.

"I hope you will. I would kill him as I would a rattle-snake."  
"So would I, but I will not seek his death. Let him beware how he throws himself in my way."

"*Salut, citoyens*," said a low voice behind them.

"*Union et fraternité*," replied Victor, without turning round, knowing the voice well.

"Good night, Ricard," said Theodore; "so you are going to the *Salut*?"

"I am."

The speaker was a tall handsome young man, of almost Herculean frame, whose well-knit form showed as much grace as strength. I have disguised his name because of his present position.

"Here we are," he replied, ringing at the door of a house of rather aristocratic appearance.

After some delay the door opened.

"Whom do you ask for?" said the half-awake porter from his lodge.

"M. Osmont," replied Ricard; and the little troop passed on, the *concierge* being perfectly satisfied.

In a few minutes they were in an apartment of very aristocratic appearance, in the centre of which was a small table; on the table was a lamp by which a middle-aged man, of thick make, heavy moustache, and deep eye, was reading a paper.

This was C——, the father, called Osmont.

The four men sat down at once to business, and an animated discussion ensued. Osmont was for an insurrection—the funeral of General Lamarque was a rare opportunity, it would create an immense crowd. This, with the speeches over the grave, might decide the movement.

Ricard approved the battle, and so did Theodore.

Victor contended warmly against it for an hour, but finding the three resolute, a vote by ballot was taken. A hat was placed upon the table. In this each man threw his voting paper. Osmont had written eight, four being "for the battle," four "patience."

"The votes were unanimous for the battle. Once the majority had decided, Victor sacrificed his private opinion.

"At nine," replied Victor, "I must to the section."

"We are all going," answered Osmont.

"You and Ricardo move ahead," said Theodore; "four men at this time of the morning may look suspicious."

The young men lit cigars and went out. Victor and Theodore took one road, the other two another, almost in an opposite direction.

"Theodore," said Victor, solemnly, "if I fall you must be a brother to my wife."

"And you a double brother to mine," replied Theodore, pressing his hand.  
 "Qui vive?" cried the head of the patrol.  
 "Friends."

"Advance and show yourselves," continued the officer.  
 The two young men, smoking their cigars, quietly walked up to the patrol.  
 "It is four in the morning," observed the officer, "a bad hour in these times."  
 "Bah! you think so," said Victor, with the tone of a dandy.

"Gentlemen, I must request your papers."  
 "Papers!" said Victor, with horror; "what *canaille* do you take us for?"

He pulled out a card from an elegant case, as did Theodore.  
 By a lamp the officer read—"Charles Victor de la Roche-Poussin, Marquis de Frontignac."

On the other—"Viscount Theodore de Chanteleuze."  
 "A thousand excuses, gentlemen," said the officer, bowing; "you are aware how strict are my orders."

"No excuses at all," said Theodore, returning his bow in the politest manner.  
 The patrol moved on, and the young men hastened to their rendezvous.

The section sat in a workshop in the Rue St. Jacques, quite in the rear of the street; it was entered by a narrow door, that opened at a particular signal. A table, fourteen chairs, and a raised arm-chair formed the only furniture of the room.

Osmont was in the president's seat. The chairs were all filled save two, that waited for Victor and Theodore.

At the end of the room stood Pierre Gonfran.  
 Victor turned pale, and touched Theodore.

"Brace your nerves for something terrible," said Victor, in a low whisper.  
 Theodore made no reply.

"A *sectionnaire* has proposed a new member," said Osmont.  
 "Who is the *sectionnaire*?" asked one.

"I," replied Gonfran.  
 "Gonfran," said Victor, "beware. A good Republican like you may easily be deceived. How long have you known the citizen?"

"Three months."  
 "His whole life?"

"His whole life."  
 "What are his sentiments?"

"He is a democratic Republican and St. Simonian."  
 "Where does he live?"

"Faubourg St. Antoine."  
 "His profession."

"*Rentier*. But he is not very rich."  
 "You recollect, citizen," said Osmont, "that if he should prove a traitor you will have to blow his brains out."

"I am fully aware," said Gonfran, confidently.  
 "Bring him in," said the president.

Gonfran went out.  
 "Let the novitiate keep his bandage," said Victor, "I have my reasons; and do you, Osmont, ask him questions which I will write."

"Why these precautions?"  
 "Because he knows my voice."

"Good."  
 At this moment Gonfran returned, leading Malarmet.

"Let him keep his bandage," said Osmont.  
 (To be continued.)

## THE MYTHOLOGY AND MAGIC OF LAPLAND.

By JOHN OXENFORD.

THE old Lapland paganism acquires a very peculiar character from the nature of the people. Their mode of life excluded a congregational spirit, for each family leads an isolated existence, and consequently there was no large temple for the purpose of assembling a multitude. Nor was there a body of persons educated for the purpose of performing priestly offices, but the devotional rites, which were neither few nor simple, were left to the head of each house. Every father of a family worshipped his deity within the precincts of his own domain, and if there was any general worship among the inhabitants of an entire district it was only because they regarded certain caves and mountains as especially sacred to the gods, and even these holy places were only marked off by a slight fence.

The three principal deities of the Laplanders were Tiermes, Storjunkare, and Baiwe. Tiermes in some measure corresponded to Thor, the thunder-god of the ancient Germans; his weapon, like that of the Teutonic deity, was a hammer, but his use of the rainbow as a weapon of offence was a distinctive peculiarity, as in the German mythology the rainbow is the bridge of the gods. Tiermes was essentially a beneficent deity, and his hammer was often employed in castigating the spirits of evil. The weal and health, the life and death of man were the especial objects of his care.

The name, "Storjunkare," is not Laponic but Norwegian, and signifies "great lord." Nevertheless this deity does not seem to be of Norwegian origin, and in the Lapland of Tornea he appears with the proper Laponic name of Seite. His dominion extended over irrational animals as well as men, and hence he was regarded as a protector of hunting and fishing. According to the traditions current in the Lapland of Lulea, Storjunkare sometimes appeared to the fishermen and fowlers dressed in black and armed with a gun, and his apparition was regarded as a sign of good fortune. The black dress was the costume of the Northern nobility, and this apparition of the deity seems to have been unknown to the inhabitants of Tornea and the Lapmark, who were further removed from German influence.

The third great deity, Baiwe, was the sun, which was generally considered feminine by the Northern nations, and which, according to the popular superstition of Lapland, was the mother of all animals, and especially protected the reindeer.

Other deities, of whom little more than the names are known, were, Radian, who took pious souls to Heaven; Biag-Olmai, ruler of the storm; Leib-Olmai, god of hunting; Peskal, the chief of the infernals; Rota, whose dominion is over the wicked; Maderakko, and her three daughters, all guardians of women; and Jahme-Akko, the mother of death and goddess of graves, with whom the souls of the departed remained till their fate was decided.

Just at the commencement of winter—that is to say, a fortnight before Michaelmas, the Laplanders offered sacrifice to the three chief deities, deciding by lot which of the three was to be chosen. For the purpose of this decision they used a peculiar drum, called "Quobdas," or "Kannus," upon the skin of which the images of the gods were painted with a reddish liquid, while in the centre was a ring to which other smaller rings were attached by threads. When the time for sacrifice was at hand a person beat the drum while the others sung, "Will you have my sacrifice, old god?" This term "old god" especially applied to Tiermes, whom it was the *etiquette* to address first. If in the course of the beating one of the rings fell upon the figure of Tiermes and there remained, it was deemed that the god accepted the offering. If this was not the

case the worshippers betook themselves to *Seite* or *Storjünkare* with a similar action, and in the event of a second failure to *Baiwe*. If none of the three deities accepted the offering the terrified worshippers considered that the divine wrath had been incurred, and no sacrifice was offered that autumn.

The reindeer is so important an animal in the whole life of the Laplanders that it naturally appears among their sacrifices. Old male reindeer were deemed highly acceptable to *Tiermes*. They were killed by an incision in the heart, and their blood was caught in a birchen bowl. The image of *Tiermes*, which had to be renewed every year, and which was consecrated by one of these offerings, was likewise made of birch. For the purpose of consecration the Laplanders anointed the image with the heart's blood and fat of the reindeer, marked the trunk with little crosses, placed behind it the antlers, and before it pieces of flesh cut from every part of the animal. The rest of the flesh they consumed themselves.

More curious were the rites which accompanied a sacrifice to *Storjünkare*. The worshipper drew a red thread through the animal's ear, and then slew it as when making an offering to *Tiermes*. This being done, the antlers, the bones of the head and neck, the feet and the hoofs, were taken to one of the mountains sacred to *Storjünkare*, who seems to have been represented by a mere stone. The birchen *Tiermes*, it should be observed, was a degree less rude. His head was made of the root of the tree and his body of the trunk, a hammer being affixed to him as a symbol. The stone sacred to *Storjünkare* was anointed with the same reverence as the image of *Tiermes*, and the antlers were set up behind it. If the height was inaccessible the stone was nevertheless anointed and flung to the summit. Some of the places sacred to *Storjünkare* were so much frequented by worshippers that they have been found covered with reindeers' horns, and a place so adorned was called by the Laplanders, "*Tiorfwigardi*," or a hedge of horns. Sometimes the animal was killed on the sacred spot, and in this case the skin was left there for many years. The friends of the worshipper were invited to eat the flesh, and the banquet was called the feast of *Storjünkare*. The stone was adorned twice a year, in summer with green birchen twigs, and in winter with pine branches. It was customary also to make for the god in summer a bed of hay and grass, which was laid under the stone, and if this was heavy to lift, it was deemed a bad omen. Although the male reindeer was the animal usually offered to *Storjünkare*, the Laplanders of *Lulea* also sacrificed cats, dogs, sheep, and poultry, which were bought for the purpose in Norway.

Sacrifices were also made to the sun-goddess, *Baiwe*, but when she was adored young female reindeer were selected as victims. Like *Tiermes* she had a table in the household appropriated to her service, but she was not represented by any image, and the animals which were apportioned to her were too young to afford a decoration of antlers. The principal bones were therefore laid upon the temple, and were deemed a sufficient symbol of the goddess.

A belief in the immortality of the soul was a conspicuous feature in the Pagan religion of Lapland. The soul, after death, assumed a more powerful character either for good or for evil, and in either case rites of propitiation were deemed expedient. For the performance of the funeral ceremonies a particular person was appointed, who while his office lasted was armed with a brazen ring, as a charm against the evil influence of the spirit. The corpse, wrapped in linen or dressed in the best clothes it wore while living, was placed in a hollow tree, with a flint, a steel, and a hatchet, and then conveyed to a cave, or a deep forest, where it was covered with heaps of wood. The reindeer that had drawn the corpse to the grave was offered as a sacrifice to the departed spirit, and previous to its slaughter a black thread was passed through its ear or twisted about its horns. The flesh furnished a banquet for the mourners and the bones were carefully collected, placed in a wooden chest, carved with the image of the deceased, and buried.

The funeral ceremonies of the Laplanders between North Cape and the White Sea had peculiarities derived from Christianity. The corpse, wrapped

in linen and with the hands and face bare, was put in a wooden bier lined with a bear skin. One of the hands held a piece of gold, the other a certificate, signed by a priest and directed to St. Peter, stating that the deceased was worthy of admission into the kingdom of Heaven.

In other rites of the Laplanders a strange mixture of Christianity with the primitive Paganism of the country was clearly perceptible. John Scheffer—whose book, though published at Oxford in 1674, is still quoted as one of the best authorities in the original peculiarities of Lapland—gives a representation of a magical drum on which the gods Tiermes and Storjunkare and the Christian Redeemer and his Apostles all appear as figures drawn on the same skin.

The “Kannus,” or “Quobdas,” as the drum is called, was not only used for occasional invocations of the deities but was the chief instrument in the domestic divinations to which the Laplanders were so especially attached, that while all the Finnish race were regarded as magicians by other nations, that race pointed to the Lapland branch as containing the masters of the art. Scheffer, speaking of the drum, says:—“It is made out of a hollow piece of wood, and must be either of pine, fir, or birch-tree, which grows in such a particular place and turns directly according to the sun’s course; which is, when the grain of the wood, running from the bottom to the top of the tree, winds itself from the right hand to the left. From this, perhaps, they believe this tree very acceptable to the sun, which under the image of Thor (?) they worship with all imaginable devotion. The piece of wood they make it of must be of the root cleft asunder and made hollow on one side, upon which they stretch a skin. The other side, being convex, is in the lower part, in which they make two holes, where they put their fingers to hold it. The shape of the upper side is oval, in diameter almost half an ell, very often not so much; it is like a kettle-drum, but not altogether so round nor so hollow, neither is the skin fastened with little iron screws but with wooden pegs. I have seen some sewed with sinews of reindeer. They paint upon the skin several pictures in red, stained with the bark of an alder-tree. They draw near the middle of the drum several lines quite cross. Upon these they place those gods to whom they pay the greatest worship, as Thor (*i. e.*, Tiermes), the chief god, with his attendants, and Storjunkare with his. These are drawn on the top of the line; after this they draw another line, parallel to the former, only half across the drum, on this stands the image of Christ with some of his Apostles. Whatever is drawn above these two lines represents birds, stars, and the moon. Below these they place the sun, as middlemost of the planets, in the very middle of the drum, upon which they put a bunch of brazen rings, when they beat it. Below the sun they paint the terrestrial things and living creatures, as bears, wolves, reindeer, otters, foxes, serpents, as also marshes, lakes, rivers, &c.”

This was probably the commonest description of drum, but it was by no means universal. In the drums of Kimi the figures were arranged according to a geographical classification. Thus the districts of Sweden, together with the nearest great city, with which the diviners trafficked, were placed on a southern division of the drum and marked off by a line. In a northern division Norway and its appurtenances was described, while the middle and largest portion was occupied by Lapland and its indigenous animals. The reindeer was always intimately connected with the fortunes of the Laplander, and hence the oracle was often consulted to know whether the young of the animal would live, or where a lost deer might be found.

The drum was completely useless without the addition of the index and the hammer. The index, which was called the “Arpa” was the bunch of rings already mentioned. One large ring was first placed on the drum, and to this the small ones were attached by threads. The hammer was made of a reindeer’s horn in the shape of the letter T, the branches forming the head, while the other part was the handle. The manner in which questions were answered by the leaping about of the rings when the drum was struck by the hammer, has been already described.



"The questions asked by means of the drum were divided into four classes, inasmuch as they referred to affairs at a distance, to the results of designs immediately in hand, to the cure of maladies, or to the sacrifices due to the gods. The diviner, who was a person selected for superior skill, beat the drum kneeling, first softly, and then harder and quicker, until the ring fell upon some figure that could be looked upon as conveying an answer. When the questions concerned foreign countries he sang a song called a "Joike," while the others sang a chorus called "Duura." After some time the diviner fell senseless, and while he was in this condition it was considered that his soul was separated from his body, and was on its way to seek the desired intelligence. The trance, during which the chorus was continued, sometimes lasted for twenty-four hours, and the diviner, when he had regained his senses not only gave the required information, but produced visible tokens—for instance a knife or a ring of the country which his soul had visited. When the question concerned business in hand, such as the success of a hunting expedition, the "Arpa, was placed on the figure of the sun, and as it moved to the right or left, when the drum was beat, good or ill fortune was predicted.

The practice of selling magical cords to raise winds, which is commonly attributed to the Laplanders, belongs properly to the inhabitants of the Finmark. The cord was tied in three parts, and it was supposed that if these were untied the first would bring a powerful wind; the second a breeze of greater strength, and the third a storm. The same people had also a magical implement of mischief which they called a "Gan." This was a bluish fly, without wings, supposed to be a devil. A number of such flies were kept in a leather bag, called a "Ganesha," close to one of the idols, and when mischief was to be worked they were set at liberty. So powerful, according to popular belief, was the "Gan" that it could cleave a mountain asunder if commanded. Nevertheless it could not injure a human being, unless the magician knew the name of the intended victim's father. It was also possible to counteract the ill effect of a "Gan" by sending another in opposition to it.

The proper Laplanders used a thing called a "Tyre," which in many respects answered to the "Gan" of Finmark, though less fatal in its operation. It was a light ball of yellow wool, of about the size of a walnut, and was supposed to be endowed with life, so as to be able to move in any direction at the will of the sender, and to torment an enemy with serpents, toads, mice, or any other nuisance. Scheffer assures us that one of these formidable instruments was actually given to him as a present.

Such was the old superstition of Lapland, which as it comes to us is the least picturesque that could be imagined. No legend gives an interest to the system, the intercourse between the gods and men furnishes no fable, nor is it easy to perceive at a glance why so many deities are introduced. The religion of the people seems so completely merged in their magic that we have a series of curious rites, with scarcely an attempt at even a rude theology. But as a learned German (Dr. Mone) observes, we know after all but little of the subject, and the system, which by its elaboration seems to point to a higher form than that in which it is presented, is probably a relic of a more refined astronomical religion.

## THE CROSS-ROAD GRAVE :

### A WELSH LEGEND OF NEW YEAR'S EVE.

No silver cloudlet sail'd aloft,  
The round moon hung on high,  
A thousand radiance-darting stars  
Lit up the winter sky.

Each chimney on each cottage roof  
Was crown'd with dazzling snow,  
And snow lay sheeted on the fields,  
That spread away below.

The village spire was tipp'd with white,  
The loaded tree-tops bow'd,  
And meadow, valley, plain, and hill,  
Were wrapp'd in glittering shroud.

The wild wind whirl'd the fleecy drifts  
In eddies round the trees,  
And made each meadow like a lake,  
When whiten'd by the breeze.

Beneath the load of silvery flakes  
That cloth'd the road with white,  
Green holly glistened in the hedge,  
In Luna's frosty light.

But down the bare-bough arch'd way,  
Illum'd with radiance pale,  
Like the cold morning light that fills  
A long cathedral aisle :

Like spirits of another world,  
A crowding burial throng,  
With glaring torch, and taper light,  
Comes hurriedly along.

Now some advance before the rest  
Unto the destined place,  
Where four roads meet, and now they pause  
To clear a little space.

And now the mattock's ringing blow  
Reverberates around,  
As silently and hurriedly  
They break the frost-chain'd ground.

Unto the yawning Cross-road Grave,  
The spot where he had died,  
They brought him on a hurdle bier—  
The youthful suicide.

They laid him on his lonely bed,  
And dust to dust restor'd ;  
Right sullen fell the clods of earth  
Upon the coffin board.

But silently, without a tear,  
They laid him in his bed,  
In that unconsecrated spot,  
Where every foot might tread.

No robèd priest stood by his grave  
To breathe the funeral prayer ;  
The swelling of no burial hymn  
Rose on the midnight air.

A mound was rais'd upon the spot,  
A stake thrust at the head—  
Grim solitary mark to point  
Where slept the lonely dead !

But when they who had placed him there  
Had each man gone his way,  
To spend in revelry the night,  
And hail the New Year's-day,

A muffled figure from the fields  
Came forth upon the road,  
And crept unto the new-made grave—  
The desolate abode—

Where he, her cherish'd only son,  
Unmourn'd, unshrouded slept ;  
And the lonely mother sat her down  
Upon the grave, and wept.

The giddy snow drifts eddied by,  
But swept unheeded past ;  
She car'd not for the wandering wind,  
Nor felt the bitter blast.

The blood cours'd through her beating veins,  
In fierce tumultuous tide—  
"Ye powers of darkness ! aid me now,"  
The wretched mother cried.

"My only son lies lonely there ;  
And is it meet that he  
Who honour'd me so much in life,  
Should thus dishonour'd be ?"

And now the mattock's ringing blow  
Again re-echoes round ;  
As mournfully, but hurriedly,  
She breaks the frost-chain'd ground.

"My hands shall bear him from this spot,"  
She said, with sobbing breath,  
"And as he cherish'd me in life,  
I'll cherish him in death."

"He shall not lie without a tear  
In this unhonour'd bed,  
In this unconsecrated spot,  
Where every foot may tread."

The New Year's-day breaks bright and clear,  
The mother still doth stand  
Beside the lonely Cross-road Grave—  
The mattock in her hand.

But the life is frozen in her veins,  
No light is in her eye;  
For Death has pass'd and stricken her,  
As he went riding by.

Her face is pallid as the snow  
That hangs about her form;  
And there she stands, a ghastly sight,  
The victim of the storm.

Her clothes, like marble tapestry,  
Are stiffen'd as the breast  
That nursed him, and the rigid hands  
That rock'd him to his rest.

They bore the mother to her grave  
Within the churchyard wall;  
But over *his*, the horse may ride,  
The traveller's footstep fall.

They left him lying there alone,  
In that unhonour'd bed,  
That all might see and loathe the grave  
Of the unregretted dead.

But they could not let him moulder there,  
For a strange and ghostly sound  
Would scare each peasant from his sleep,  
And wake each cottage round.

As surely as the midnight fell,  
A clamour broke the still,  
Which swept along the frozen fields,  
And echoed from the hill.

'Twas not the cheering voice of mirth,  
'Twas not the voice of woe;  
But it came at intervals, and went  
As phantoms come and go.

As soon as Darkness spread his wings,  
And chas'd away the light;  
The sound of many echoing blows  
Arous'd the sleeping night.

But one went riding by the spot,  
Before the dawn of day;  
He saw the phantoms at their work,  
And swiftly sped away.

A legion full of fiendish sprites  
Were met the grave about;  
They toil'd and howl'd, and howl'd and toil'd,  
A fell and fiendish rout!

They delv'd around the Cross-road Grave,  
In the moonlight grey and dim,  
With loud lament and echoed yell,  
With fell grimace and grim.

They delv'd around the Cross-road Grave,  
In the moonlight dim and grey;  
The traveller saw with pallid fear,  
And swiftly sped away.

But when the night again had gone,  
And another day had birth;  
He came unto the Cross-road Grave,  
And dug into the earth.

He dug into the earth and bore  
The suicide away,  
And laid him in his mother's grave,  
Before the close of day.

And now the lonely Cross-road Grave,  
The spot where he had died,  
Is tenantless—the churchyard holds  
The wretched suicide!

## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

OF

## THE KINGS OF ENGLAND.

## HENRY VII.

LORD BACON commences one of his essays in these words: "This king was that kind of miracle which affects wise men, but does not strike the ignorant. There are numerous particulars, both in his virtues and his fortune, not so fit for common-place as for grave and prudent observation." Never did a monarch's actions, policy, and reign meet with a more able vindication or a more successful apologist than those of Henry VII. in the writer just quoted. But in reading Lord Bacon's essay, though it is impossible not to admire the ingenuity with which he supports his encomiums, there is a lurking disposition to question the veracity of his conclusions, and to form an opinion far different from that which he entertains. There can be no doubt that historians in general have blackened Henry's character, have deprived him of what praise he justly deserved, and without considering the nature of the times, and their consequent effect upon those who live in them, have attributed to him motives far from probable, and charged him with misdeeds of which he was not the cause. For the sake of illustration, we will quote the writings of two distinguished men—Mackintosh and Bacon—on this subject. The former says, "No generosity lent lustre to his purposes—no tenderness softened his rigid nature; his good qualities were useful, but low; his vices were mean; and no personage in history of so much understanding and courage is so near being despised." He was a man of shrewd discernment, but of a mean spirit, and a contracted mind." The latter says, "He was a great alms-giver in secret; his justice was mixed with mercy, for in his reign but three of the nobility suffered capitally. He was of a high and exalted mind, a lover of his own opinion and his own way, as one that revered himself, and would reign alone. He had the fortune of a true Christian as well as of a great king, in living exercised and dying penitent; so that he triumphed victoriously, as well in spirituals as temporals, and succeeded in both conflicts, that of sin and that of the cross."

Such are a few of the passages in which there exists the widest difference, the solution of which may probably be found in the fact that Bacon lived too shortly after Henry's reign to form an accurate and unbiassed opinion; while Mackintosh, though he has drawn a more accurate portrait than the former, seems to have allowed the unfavourable impression induced by the king's love of money to warp his judgment and affect his impartiality. If, however, the Lancastrian monarch did not exhibit high intellectual power, and those truly regal qualities by which many of our sovereigns have been distinguished, he was not deficient in clemency, in prudence, or in public administration. He was not the hero of a hundred battles, the cause of untold cruelty, the author of heartless crime; but he was the lover of peace, the enemy of vice, the promoter of his kingdom's welfare. The tendency of his mind was gloomy and thoughtful, neither adapted to cope with giant difficulties in any other way than by negotiation, nor calculated to gain popularity. He could not, like young Henry V., mix in the sports and amusements of low life. They had no attraction for his sedate disposition. That must have been a joyful day for Henry Earl of Richmond, when the victory-flushed troops seized Richard's crown, and amidst bursts of acclamation placed it on the brow of their conquering leader! But impressive as was this

scene, what must that have been by which it was preceded—when the field of battle was consecrated by the voice of thanksgiving, and when the triumph was signalled not by a general slaughter, nor by revelry and shouts of mirth, but by the solemn celebration of the *Te Deum*? Henry's policy thus appealed to the religious section of his subjects in a manner not more in consonance with their feelings, than adapted to awaken their sympathy and to enlist their aid in the enterprise for which he had left his Continental quietude and encountered the last of the Yorkist sovereigns. The earl's first success, however, though indicating something of his character, may lead us to form a more favourable opinion of him than his subsequent life fully warrants. But much may be said in extenuation of his frequently rigorous deeds, especially if we consider the nature of the times, the men by which he was surrounded, and the peculiar position which he, as a usurper, was called upon to fill. His right to the throne was dubious, while his descent from Edward III. was far less esteemed than the pedigree of the opposite faction. The one could boast of an unsullied lineage; the other, though sprung from the same root, had not equal purity of family. Henry Earl of Richmond, the restorer of the Lancastrian line of sovereigns, was remotely connected with Owen Tudor, the Welsh chieftain, who married Catherine, the Queen of Henry V., and on his mother's side with John Duke of Gaunt, Edward III.'s son. The death of his father placed the earldom at his command at a comparatively early age; but on the Lancastrian defeat at Tewkesbury (May, 1471) he was sheltered in Britany, whither he was conveyed before he had numbered fifteen years. There he remained, throughout the reigns of the Yorkist monarchs, in a state of confinement which precluded him from taking any part in the affairs of his native land. We have little information concerning his young days, what were his amusements, the character of his mind, or the occupation of his time. The English kings were of course anxious to conceal him from public attention, and some of them even proposed measures for rendering his retreat still less public; but so far as the prince himself was concerned there was nothing in his conduct for many years calculated to awaken alarm. He seemed, however, not to have forgotten that he might at some period or other retrieve the reverses which had fallen to his lot—a belief that assumed a tangible form when Richard III. stained his career with blood and raised the animosity of the whole nation. The Lancastrian party, of which Richmond was the undeniable representative, justly objected to the crimes of the Yorkist sovereign; their power was considerable; they were aided by men of all ranks, the high-horn noble, the influential prelate, and the not less important plebian. The prince was informed of the public feeling by Dr. Morton, a man who though possessed of no great talents or parts, was admirably fitted to conduct a mission of this nature: and not only did he exhibit his address in inducing Henry to strike a blow for the acquisition of the English crown, but during his royal master's life he rendered him effectual service. The sequel of the affair is soon told: the Earl of Richmond arrived from Britany with a few troops, which were so soon augmented that he was in a position to encounter Richard's army, and, as related in our preceding "Sketch," victory having rewarded the Lancastrians, their leader was immediately invested with the crown that had fallen from the head of the once potent monarch Richard III. Henry was then about the age of twenty-nine.

The rapidity of his success was somewhat remarkable: everything conduced to it, and to the consequent annihilation of the opposing party. Though the new sovereign possessed no very clear title to the throne, the people, elated with their recent triumph, presented no obstacle to his accession, which he deemed his right on account of his royal descent, his intended marriage with the daughter of Edward IV. (who belonged to the opposite party), and by reason of conquest. But all these were open to much dispute, had the populace felt inclined to oppose him: they were meagre titles, and seldom warranted by precedent. We shall not, however, enter into the question whether the Earl of Richmond was legally justified in assuming the sovereignty; especially as it is sufficient



to know that Henry was proclaimed king by the military on the 22nd of August, 1485, and that the Parliament and the people concurred in the choice. Much did they need a respite from internal disputes and Continental wars; for the last few years had been marked by an almost uninterrupted succession of commotions, from which they derived no sort of benefit, but from which they earnestly hoped Henry would prove to be their deliverer. As he travelled towards London he was everywhere greeted with acclamation—joy beamed on every countenance—sorrow was banished. He entered the Metropolis on *Saturday*, the 29th of August, a day that he considered peculiarly fortuitous, inasmuch as he gained on a *Saturday* the battle by which he was elevated to the highest human dignity. He was met at Shoreditch by the mayor, together with several of the public companies; from thence he went to the Bishop of London's palace, and there remained for some time. Rather a long period elapsed before his coronation was celebrated; but in the meanwhile he fulfilled the functions of royalty, bestowed favours upon those who had so zealously espoused his cause, and endeavoured to render his accession popular. During this, as well as at a subsequent period, however, he evinced a most inveterate animosity to the Yorkist family—a matter which reflects no credit on his feelings, nor yet admits of justification. His alliance with the Princess Elizabeth was consummated solely for the purpose of allaying disputes between the two factions, Henry never having entered into the marriage from motives of love, but of policy. If he were actuated by a desire to benefit his country, which could not more effectually be promoted than by a connection of that nature, then we should confer upon him a distinction that kings have seldom merited—that of being a patriot. But true patriotism has at all times been a rare quality—few men have exhibited it in a pure form, and scarce indeed are its manifestations in the present age. We can look to past eras, remarkable for patriotism of the very highest order, when the noblest feelings animated the breasts of our countrymen and the people of other lands; but now we in vain search the horizon for such men. A high degree of civilisation seems somewhat inimical to the development of patriotism.

As soon as the kingdom became tranquil, Henry was crowned. The ceremony was performed on the 30th of October, by the Archbishop of Canterbury, in Westminster Abbey, apparently without the least opposition: indeed the commons and the nobility gave their full assent. The next few months were occupied in settling the state affairs, in the appointment of ministers, and in completing his marriage with the Princess Elizabeth. The people evinced hearty satisfaction at this alliance of the rival houses of York and Lancaster: they saw in it a termination of the contentions which had so long afflicted the country, and they anticipated the future with a degree of hope not unwarranted by the existing aspect of their native land. As before stated, however, Henry, aware that his queen had a stronger claim to the crown than himself, entered into the marriage solely with the view of rendering his position more secure. He did not regard her with much affection, nor did he participate in the public joy manifested on the present occasion. His great design was to humble the house of York, which had long been, and still was, very popular; and in order to accomplish this not very creditable end, he delayed her coronation nearly two years; until at last so many public murmurs arose that he deemed it advisable to accede to his subjects' wishes. On the 25th of November, 1487, the ceremonial was accordingly completed, with all the splendour incident to such an event.\*

\* In the "History of the Tower" we find the following account relating to the ceremony:—On the Friday before St. Katherine's-day, the queen, accompanied by the king's mother, and a numerous retinue, proceeded from Greenwich by water, attended by the mayor and aldermen, and city liveries, "in barges freshly furnished with banners and streamers of silke richely besene:" but especially "a barge called the *Bachelor's barge*, garnysshed and apparellede, passing al other, wherein was ordeynede a great red dragon, spowwing Flamys of Fyer into Temmys. Also many other gentillymanly Pajants wele and

During the period preceding the coronation Henry made a journey towards the northern part of his dominions, in the hope that his presence might calm the disaffected Yorkists, whose seeds of dissension were there rather widely spread. A slight rebellion ensued, but the king's forces rapidly dispersed the leaders, some of whom "took sanctuary," and were afterwards captured. Scarcely had tranquillity been restored, when the nation was thrown into confusion by the imposture of Lambert Simnel, a youth who, under the training of a priest at Oxford, represented himself to be a brother of the late monarch, Edward V., and therefore the rightful sovereign of England. He afterwards personated the young Earl of Warwick (a descendant of the same family), who was then in prison: and strange to say, that the disturbed state of public feeling, together with the favourable light in which the Yorkists were viewed, led many to place the utmost reliance on his assertions. He met with considerable success in Ireland, where he was acknowledged as king, and treated in a manner becoming his new position. So far as Simnel was concerned, too, he acted his part with much tact: his behaviour and bearing being worthy of the royal race whom he personated. Henry managed his forces with great prudence, and had such a superiority in every respect, that when a battle was fought in June, 1487, near Newark, the impostor and his Irish as well as German adherents were entirely routed. The former was taken prisoner and, much to the king's honour, a situation in the household was bestowed upon him; which plainly shows that no fear was entertained in regard to Simnel's incapacity to lead a revolt. Immediately after this engagement, Henry resumed his progress through his dominions, punishing the rebels, and replenishing his coffers with fines and confiscations.

It is rather curious to observe the deference with which he treated the houses of parliament. Every important measure was left to their decision; thus carrying out the principle of a mixed government, the operation of which has in all ages most conduced to the public weal. Henry, however, did not consult them because of his love for a constitutional administration, but because it rendered him more popular, and, consequently, more firmly established his sway. In the Lord Chancellor's speech on the opening of the session (9th November, 1487), when Henry wished to gain their consent for defending the Duke of Bretagne against the French power, we find the following conciliatory passage:—"That the king thanked his parliament for the act passed in his favour at their last meeting; that he was so well satisfied of their affection that he had made it a rule to himself to communicate to so good subjects all affairs, as well foreign as domestic, that might happen; and that one now occurred concerning which he desired to have their advice."\* The parliament, ever glad to acquire Continental influence, at once granted a subsidy with which to carry

curiously devysed to do her Highnesse sport and pleasure with." Thus attended, she landed at the Tower wharf, "and so entered into the Towre, wher the King's Highnesse welcomed her in suche maner and forme as was to al the Astats, and other ther being present, a very good sight, and righte joyous and comfortable to beholde." On the following day, "her Grace, being at the Towre of London, after Dynr was rially appareld, having about her a Kyrtyll of whithe cloth of Golde of Damaske, and a mantell of the same suete furred with Ermyns, fastened before her breast with a great Lase curiously wrought of golde and silke, and riche knoppes of golde at the end tasselled. Her faire yellow hair hanging downe pleyne behynd her back, with a callee of pypes over it, and a serkelet of golde richly garnyshed with precious stonys upon her hede." So apparelled she entered a litter, "coverede with cloth of golde of damaske and large pelowes of downe coverede with like cloth of golde," and was thus conveyed to Westminster; the streets through which she passed being cleansed and dressed "with clothes of tappestrye and arras, and lined with the crafts in their liveryes," and in many parts of the city were children stationed, "some arrayde like angells, and others like Vyrgyns, to singe swete songes as her grace passed by."

\* Rapin's History, vol. I.

on military operations, and that, too, with a readiness and liberality explicable on no other grounds. Much to the king's discredit, he did not apply the money to the purpose for which it was intended, nor did he act towards the Duke of Bretagne in accordance with the wishes of his parliament. His principal aim was to aggrandise himself: he did not care for the national honour, or the defence of Bretagne, so long as he could amass money under that pretence. He concluded several treaties with the European states, all of which had for their tendency the saving of military outlay—the consolidation of his own power. Henry, too, thought that with the return of peace on the Continent his own dominions would remain in perfect tranquillity—a result which was justified by the general aspect of his affairs. But during his negotiations with France and other kingdoms, the Duchess of Burgundy embraced the opportunity of promoting the wishes of some of the English for a change of government, provided the heir of the House of York could be found. Some little ill feeling existed between Henry and the duchess, which led her to educate and train up one Perkin Warbeck, a youth of great mental capacities, to whom Edward IV. had acted as godfather, with the idea of his personating the infant Duke of York, the brother of the murdered young king, Edward V. The duchess bestowed upon her protégé every advantage within her limits: she described to him the scenes of his early life, how he escaped the ruffian who smothered his brother in the Tower; and instructed him how “to assume the air and character of a well-bred prince.” Perkin was a most apt scholar; so much so, that it was difficult to distinguish him from those who had been born and who had lived within the precincts of royalty.

The intelligence that the Duke of York was alive created considerable sensation, not only in England but on the Continent. Henry adopted every measure to deceive the public as to the identity of the pretended duke; he caused the murderers to be examined, and their depositions that he was smothered and buried in the Tower to be published: and, lastly, paid spies to discover the origin and proceedings of the *soi disant* duke, whose reports were fully correct, but failed to disabuse the community. The latter were no doubt misled by the fact that the bodies of the two young princes, having been first buried under a staircase, were, by Richard the Third's order, removed to another and unknown place; which precluded the people from recovering their corpses, and actually proving what were the facts of the case. They therefore remained firm in their opinion that Warbeck was the real Duke of York, and the rightful heir to the English crown. For our part, however, we see no reason to entertain such a belief; for as it was Richard's design to remove all rivals to the throne, in order to strengthen his usurpation, it is absurd to suppose that he would have murdered Edward V, and spared the life of his brother, the young Duke of York, whom Richard well knew might, in that case, have perilled his safety, and thus defeated the very end he sought to compass. But besides this, the circumstances connected with Warbeck's origin and tuition do not warrant the supposition of his identity. As yet, however, his achievements were nothing: he remained on the Continent watching for favouring events to waft him to the scene of his imposture: and when, in July, 1495, he appeared off the southern coast of England, his reception was so ungracious that he sailed to Ireland, where he received neither support nor countenance, so that he afterwards landed in the Scottish king's dominions, expecting there to meet with a home as well as a welcome. He was not disappointed: his identity and representations were fully credited: he was married “to one of the handsomest and most accomplished ladies,” the daughter of the Earl of Huntley; and, in fact, his royal protector not only sheltered him, but undertook to place him on the English throne. This aspect of affairs induced Henry to assemble the parliament, to ask their advice and to obtain a subsidy for guarding his dominions against the combined attacks of Warbeck and the Scottish monarch. The levying of the grant eventually led to the consummation of the pretender's enterprise; for on the king's officers attempting to collect it in Cornwall, the

inhabitants of that country—separated as they were from the rest of the nation by a different dialect, and forming almost a distinct colony—resisted payment, protesting against its injustice, and resolving to decide by an appeal to arms. A number of their party, incited to rebellion by a contemptible *farrier* and a discontented *lawyer*, marched towards London, with the idea that the Kentishmen—the hereditary lovers of liberty—would flock to their standard, and second their very *righteous* cause. In this, they were grievously disappointed; the Kentishmen had too much sense than to connect themselves with such rebels, who had no real ground for insurrection; so that when they encamped on Blackheath, tired and harassed by long journeys, Henry brought his forces against them, and soon showed them how illusory were their hopes of success. Though victorious, he treated the prisoners with singular lenity, having only caused the execution of the three leaders, and the remainder being allowed liberty on payment of a fine. Perhaps he may have been somewhat prompted to act in this manner by the moderation of the rebels in their marches, and the fear that rigorous punishment might damage rather than promote his security. Such, however, was the feeling of the Cornishmen, that they believed his clemency arose not from a good motive, but because, if he adopted an opposite course, he would have to kill three-fourths of his subjects: a supposition which induced them to invite Warbeck over from Ireland (where he had taken refuge) to assume their command, assuring him that “If he would come among them, he should find no contemptible aid, and that with the assistance of other good Englishmen they hoped to place him on the throne.”\* And Perkin was credulous enough to come! He had been obliged to leave the Scottish court: he had found an asylum among the Irish; but having been accustomed to the comparative refinements and luxuries of a courtly life, which he now could no longer obtain, he listened to the representations of the Cornishmen, without, at the same time, thinking that his chances of success against such a powerful sovereign as Henry were indeed small. But his career was that of an adventurer: he was swayed by no other motives save those of enjoyment, excitement, and perhaps advantage: he well knew his title would not bear investigation: he had no noble aspirations—nay more, he seemed to have little ambition to gain a crown, though it was the avowed object for which he received the tutelage of the Duchess of Burgundy, the assistance, such as it was, of the Scottish king, and his alliance with the rebellious men of Cornwall.

The pretender was neither long ere he acceded to their request, nor tardy in assuming the attributes of royalty. He arrived among his adherents in September, 1498, and at once issued a proclamation calling himself Richard IV, in which he offered most munificent bounties to those who should enrol themselves in his ranks. In the meanwhile, Henry received intelligence of his proceedings, not without some little feeling of satisfaction that the enterprise was likely to come to a speedy issue; he therefore dispatched a body of troops to Exeter, which Perkin was besieging, but from which he retired to Taunton with his army, in readiness to fight the royal forces on the next day. In the night, however, he, as well as a few of his followers, deserted the Cornishmen, and took sanctuary in Beaulieu Abbey, Hampshire, whither the king's horse followed them, but could not, of course, wrest him from the sacred place of refuge. The monastery was carefully guarded, so that Perkin, despairing of escape, delivered himself into the king's hands, on condition of his life being spared. In his journey to London, though exposed to every description of insult and derision, he behaved with singular fortitude; after which he was compelled not only to ride twice through the city, but to stand in the stocks, one day in the Palace Court, at Westminster, and the next day at the cross in Cheapside, “at both of which places he read a confession of his imposture.” During this time, and up to the period of his death, he was confined in the Tower, from whence he was brought forth on a charge of plotting to escape; and

as a punishment for his treason. \* Rapin's History, vol. I. c. 11. p. 110.

as Henry wished to relieve himself from further trouble he was condemned and beheaded on the 23rd of November, 1499. For the same reason the young Earl of Warwick, who was the last male heir of the house of York, and who had suffered imprisonment from his early days likewise lost his life. Some historians allege that the death of the latter was caused, not on account of his participation in Perkin's conspiracy to escape, but on account of his descent, and the possibility that he might have endangered the succession of the king's children. This we think the most probable motive that induced Henry to sanction his execution; an act of cruelty which the people regarded with just and unmitigated horror,—inasmuch as Warwick had never provoked his hostility, nor was he a prince possessed of sufficient energy and ability to imagine, much more to lead, a revolt.

Some apology is doubtless needed for having dwelt so long on Perkin Warbeck's enterprise, not only because the same ground has frequently been traversed, but because his career contains (in the opinion of some persons) so little that illustrates Henry's life. With respect to the former reason, we may state that it would apply with equal force to all historical facts; for it is very evident that every history of the same nation is, to a certain extent, repetition; we cannot alter the facts, we can merely put them in a new form; and in regard to the latter reason we think the pretender's adventure throws much light on Henry's character and genius. Throughout the whole affair he acted upon a wise policy, he treated the insurgents not harshly, not cruelly; the ends of justice were satisfied by the execution of the principal ringleaders, many of whom received no punishment whatever; while towards Perkin Warbeck himself it would be unjust to say that he behaved with unwarrantable severity. The king concluded that the death of the leader would necessarily quell all disquietude, and that it would be far better to grapple with the cause than tamper with the effect. The moderation and clemency with which he treated the rebels are somewhat remarkable, especially when we consider the pretender's popularity, the number of his adherents, and the assistance at first rendered him by the Scottish monarch. Henry, after discovering Warbeck's imposition, his teaching by the Duchess of Burgundy, and other circumstances connected with his life, seems to have been so thoroughly convinced that he really was not what he represented himself to be, as to believe that in course of time the people would desert the adventurer's ranks, simply on account of his untruthfulness, and therefore a harsh policy would prejudice, rather than confirm, his own right to wear the imperial diadem. If, however, Perkin's career tends to illustrate Henry's life, it also reveals to us the nature of the times. We see in him the mirror of the past, of an age in which men's minds were liable to the grossest imposition; in which ignorance was predominant, as well among the higher as the lower ranks; and in which a love for the established order of things formed as distinguished a feature then as it does in the present day.\* Nationally, we dislike sudden changes or innovations; we object to them in the household, in business, and in the government; they must be the result not of whims or fancies, but of necessity or policy; then only are they palatable to an Englishman.

\* There are some curious details recorded by Rapin, relative to the laws passed in this reign, some of which were as follows:—"That persons convicted for murder shall be marked with an M upon the brawn of the left thumb, and the felons with a T. That no persons whatever shall hold more than one farm in the Isle of Wight. That vagabonds, idle and suspected persons shall be set in the stocks three days and three nights, and have no other sustenance but bread and water, and then shall be put out of the town; and whosoever shall give such persons more, shall forfeit twelve pence. That no manner of person shall carry or send any horse or mare, above the value of six shillings and eightpence, out of the realm, upon pain of forfeiting the same, except it be for their own use. That no person shall make, or put to sale, any feather-beds, bolsters, or pillows, but what are stuffed with dry pulled feathers, or clean down, and not with sealed feathers or fenn-down. That no person shall bring, or cause to be brought into the realm to be sold, any manner of silk wrought by itself, or with any other stuff, upon pain of forfeiting the same.



After the death of Warbeck, Henry naturally concluded that his reign would be an almost uninterrupted period of tranquillity. His firm administration had suppressed any ideas of revolt which might, perchance, have lingered in the public mind, while his foreign policy was so successful that no danger threatened from abroad. It is worthy of mention that, in 1503, his eldest daughter, Margaret Tudor, was married to James, King of Scotland, with whom Henry had shortly before concluded a treaty of peace. From this alliance have descended all the subsequent British monarchs. The dowry of this princess was £10,000.; besides which, it was agreed that an annual sum of a thousand pounds should be placed at her disposal, and that she should have twenty-four English servants, with liberty to fill up all vacancies arising from their death! One of his counsellors remonstrated with him against the Scottish connection, because it was not impossible that it might at some future time place a Scotch sovereign upon the English throne; but Henry shrewdly replied, that "Scotland would then become an accession to England, not England to Scotland; the greater would draw the less; it is a safer union for England than one with France." The next event of public importance somewhat disturbed the king's peace, inasmuch as the Earl of Suffolk (remotely descended from the house of York) having persuaded a few of the nobility to believe that he had legitimate rights to the crown, retired to the Continent to make preparations for his enterprise. Nothing could affect Henry more intensely than a rivalry of this nature, especially as the earl was actually allied to the royal family, and could therefore found his claims on a basis different from that of Warbeck. In both cases the king obtained full particulars by means of spies, which enabled him to apprehend Suffolk's English partisans, as well as eventually settle his pretensions; and as it was not likely that when once the earl was within his power that he should regain liberty, he was kept in the Tower, and during the next reign he suffered execution. These frequent rebellions indicated with some little truth the state of the public feeling, for if men's minds had been satisfied with the present monarch, they would not have listened to the wild schemes of three successive rivals, neither one of whom could possibly have vanquished Henry's forces. It is singular, too, that they should ever have dreamt of accomplishing the object in which they embarked, for not only was the king peculiarly proof against attempts to subvert his authority, but a large number of his subjects were averse to seconding so doubtful an enterprise. The fate of Perkin Warbeck, a man who had the most flattering hopes of success, should have deterred Suffolk from engaging in a similar and equally rash enterprise.

The whole of Henry's regal career was distinguished more or less by avarice. Some historians go so far as to say that all his actions, especially those of later life, sprang from that source. His wars originated in a love of money, his treaties in a love of money, his laws in a love of money, and even the punishment inflicted upon offenders in a love of money—in fact, he was as great a worshipper of mammon as are the men of the present era. It is, moreover, somewhat amusing to trace the arguments with which they endeavour to establish their view of his character, but to which we must take an objection, not only because an unfair construction is thus put upon his actions, but because some of his deeds seem to have arisen from motives in every respect worthy of a great ruler. That avarice exerted a most potent influence over him none can deny; we see it exemplified in the fact of the large—nay, enormous, amount of treasure which he had amassed, and which could not have been alone collected by a strict observance of economy (a practice, by the way, seldom found within the pre-

That no pewterers and braziers shall sell, or change, any pewter or brass, new or old, at any place within the realm, but in open fairs or markets, or in their dwelling-houses. What gave occasion to this law was, that many persons went about the kingdom privately, buying pewter and brass, which encouraged wicked people to steal dishes, plates, &c., knowing they had receivers for them."

cinets of royalty), but by the most rigorous application of parliamentary enactments for the pecuniary expiation of misdemeanours. The fines thus obtained Henry carefully scrutinised, as appears from the following memorandum in his own handwriting:—"Received of ——— five marks for the pardon to be procured, and if the pardon do not pass, the money to be repaid, except the party be some other ways satisfied." The king, however, could not grant a pardon, nor did he like to restore the money, so that he made a marginal note, "other ways satisfied."

There is a rather singular circumstance related of his rigorous administration of the law, which exhibits him in the light of a most impartial sovereign; for he neither spared the rich nor the poor:—Henry being on a visit to the Earl of Oxford at Henningham Castle, was received with the utmost magnificence and liberality; and at his departure the earl's retainers, dressed in handsome liveries, were drawn up so as to form an avenue through which he might pass; but the king, recollecting that an enactment was in force by which it was criminal to array other than menial servants in livery, said to the earl (who had forgotten the law), "My lord, I have heard much of your magnificence and hospitality, but I find they exceed all report. These handsome gentlemen and yeomen I see on both sides of me are surely your menial servants."

The earl, however, thinking no harm could arise, replied, "He did not keep so many domestics—these people were only his retainers come to do him service on such extraordinary occasions."

Henry, somewhat surprised, said, "By my faith, my lord, I thank you for your good cheer; but I must not suffer my laws to be broken before my face. My attorney must speak to you." The earl was fined fifteen thousand marks.\*

The civic functionaries in the City of London, too, were severely fined for dereliction of duty. Sir Thomas Knesworth (the Lord Mayor in 1505) and both his sheriffs were imprisoned for official abuses, and only released upon paying fifteen hundred pounds; while one "Alderman Hawis (to use Rapiu's words) was put to trouble, and died with vexation before his business was decided."

Towards the close of his life Henry was frequently attacked with disease, which increased in violence, until he was at last prevented from taking any active part in state affairs. As his illness daily grew worse, and as he became conscious that his treasures would neither produce happiness nor smooth his passage to the tomb, some degree of remorse visited his avaricious mind, and by way of preparing for the approach of death he granted a general pardon, as well as released all persons imprisoned in London for debts under forty shillings. He afterwards made his will, by which he ordered that his heir should "make restitution of whatever his officers and ministers had unjustly taken from his subjects." But this command was never fulfilled: the vast sums he had accumulated, (amounting to upwards of a million and a-half, according to the then value of money), were used by his successor Henry VIII. The dying monarch's remorse, however, came too late to allow the people an opportunity of practically witnessing his penitence, and perhaps too late to give him that peace of mind, that tranquil conscience, for which men on no occasion more feel the want than on a death bed. In this state Henry died in his palace at Richmond, on the 22nd of April, 1509, at the age of fifty-two, and after a reign of rather more than twenty-three years. He left two sons and two daughters. He was buried in the chapel at Westminster Abbey that bears his name, and which he began to build in 1503, "when the chapel of our Lady above the east side of the high altar, with a tavern near adjoining, called the *White Rose*, was taken down," and in their room the splendid chapel of Henry the Seventh was raised. So long as the materials of which it is formed shall remain, so long will the name of the royal founder be preserved on the rolls of time. The genius of the

\* A mark was equal to thirteen shillings and eight-pence of our money.



## A F R A G M E N T.

By JOHN TOMLINSON.

"My mother dead! it must be a dream. See, there she sits in that old arm-chair. It is true she looks very ill, but she has sat up half a day, and can talk to us so well—yes, and walk about, when leaning on somebody. I know she trembles, and moves very slowly, because long illness has weakened her; but she will mend when fine weather comes—everybody says she will. Now we have assisted her to lie down, but I can see the exertion is too much for her. 'Mary,' she says, 'you may put my clothes away, for I shall never want them again.' Our old nurse has made some nice jellies, for her appetite is gone, and we have raised her head to give her a spoonful or two. How grateful she looks. 'Thank the Lord, and thank you,' she says. 'Emma.' 'What, mother?' 'I feel a strange sensation'—Mary weeps. Hark! what a queer gurgling noise that is. How she gasps for breath—oh, my mother! And yet she looks so placid. See, her lips begin to move, her features change, and that awful rustling sound—oh! Do you think she is dying? I cannot bear to see her suffer. 'Emma! Emma!' Mary whispers, 'don't leave the room; she did give you such a look when you turned to go.' 'Mary,' 'What, ma'am?' 'My Emma here?' 'Yes, ma'am.' 'God help her!—hard work to give you up—be good—meet me in heaven—farewell!' What a ghastly hue steals over those loved features—her chest does not expand—not a muscle stirs—and see what a film is gathering round those half-closed eyes—oh, that I may never witness such a scene again! My mother moves not, pants not, even that fearful hollow sound is gone—is she dead? No, she gasps once more—that was a dreadful convulsion—and now her head falls, and the eyes seem as if they had sunk beneath their sockets—this must be death. Mary kneels by the bed side, 'Let us pray,' she says, 'Almighty God, Thou hast taken away our dearest earthly friend, and we are left in this world of sorrow, without a parent and benefactor to watch over and comfort us. But though painful, teach us not to murmur at Thy wise decrees; we sorrow not as those without hope; living, she was Thine, and Thou crownest her last moments with peace. No; we dare not murmur, for Thou wilt be the orphan's and the stranger's friend, and oh, our heavenly parent, may we follow thee as Thy deceased servant did, and when we come to die, share all her comfort, and go to meet her in that better world?' And then the bell began to toll. What did it say? That we had death in the house. And what meant that coffin, and mourning garments, and what did those emotions speak, when the undertaker came, and we gazed upon that pale, but placid countenance for the last time? Why was it we followed with a heavy heart, a bier to the church? What meant those solemn words about 'dust to dust,' and the deep grave, and the lowering coffin, and the sound of earth rattling on the coffin-lid? and why did we return home to weep?—and why am I here? No; it is not a dream—my mother is dead, I thought it was very strange at night, when we went so silently to bed; I never said 'Good night, mother'—there was no 'God bless you' from a feeble, languid voice; but there were many tears, for the springs of life seemed to be all dried up, and the heart felt as if it had not an object to love. Oh, death, death, there is a sad chasm made when thou throwest thy dart in the midst of a united, happy family!"

It was Emma Hargreave who uttered these plaintive exclamations, as she stood one beautiful summer's eve over a new-made grave. Emma, an only child, at five years of age had the misfortune to lose her father, and now, only four days ago, her last earthly parent was taken away. Perhaps it was the

calm, subduing influence of that quiet resting-place, abstracting the mind from external objects, turning, as it were, the heart into itself, for our orphan was only just awakened to the stern reality of her loss. As she stood, statue-like, gazing upon that sacred mound, and remembered that before another evening came she would be borne far away from her once happy home, and that she should seldom or never revisit that consecrated spot, no wonder that her tears flowed fast. There are seasons and emotions which stand out in bold relief amidst the circumstances of life, and which the power of language can but feebly prefigure or express. This is peculiarly true of the final dismemberment of the family circle. Other sorrows find a solace, and often a quietus within the precincts of home. The family circle is an institution and an emblem of the family in heaven. The ties of home are our first bonds of affection, moulding, tempering, combining every faculty of our nature. We may and do find suspicion, coldness, jealousy, want of faith and charity abroad in the world, but how easing then to an oppressed heart to meet with sympathy from those we love. Family sorrows prove often individual blessings, for they develop new impulses, and draw more closely the bond of union. However disappointments and privations may thicken around us, the heart can never become desolate while there are loved ones remaining to cheer us on our path; it is when the last link of affection is severed that we seem to have outlived all earthly good, when the mind wishes for no other employment than to brood over the memories of the past. But list! our heroine speaks: "Where art thou, my mother? the voice is indeed hushed, and the frail attenuated form is a mass of corruption; but where is that ethereal substance—that soul so full of goodness, and truth, and love? Perhaps she may be near, gazing in tenderness upon her lonely child! Is it a fanciful conjecture that the spirits of the blessed hover round the abodes of men? If it be true that there is a magnetic influence in human feelings—that the heart has a language when the lips are silent, why, then, may not an intercourse be awakened between the soul and departed friends? Oh, no; it is not a vagary of the imagination, there is a soothing, a hallowing influence in the memory of the sainted dead. Even in our loneliness the mind keeps up a secret, a silent communion with those loved ones of the 'spirit land.' Those heavenly beings infuse into the soul a property of their own ethereal nature—some of those purifying influences which are exhaled around the throne of God. My mother, thou wilt be my guardian angel; I will live with thee in an ideal existence. Even now, what is it that calms and tranquillises this throbbing breast—that pours into the soul words of consolation? It is that angel voice; it whispers "Cheer up, mourner, our ties are not broken, we shall meet again. Although the road which separates us may be rugged, it will not be long."

"To meet her in that better world," said then the bell began to toll. "That we had death in the house," said what meant that coffin and mourning garments and what did those emotions speak, when the undertaker came and we gazed upon that pale but placid countenance for the last time? Was it we gazed upon a heavy heart, a heavy heart to the church? What meant those solemn words about 'rest to dust,' and the deep groans and the lowering coffin, and the sound of earth falling on the coffin-lid? and why did we return home to weep?—and why, and how? 'Not to rest a dream—no matter as dead, I thought it was very strange at night, when we went so silently to bed; I never said 'Good night mother—there was no 'Good-bye' from a fatherly, lingering voice; but there were many tears, for the signs of life seemed to be all dried up and the heart felt as if it had not an object to love. Oh, death, death, there is a sad strain made when thou throwest thy dart in the midst of a much, happy family!"

"I was Emma Langrove who uttered those plaintive exclamations as she stood one beautiful summer's eve over a new-made grave. Emma, an only child, at five years of age had the misfortune to lose her father, and now, only four days ago, her last earthly parent was taken away. Perhaps it was the



believed to put a barren front upon matters, are driven to smother their feelings of bashfulness and delicacy—nay, do we not find every day that people desirous of becoming candidates for public notoriety, be it in the garb of prime minister, political economist, or parish preacher, frequently, at once into the meridian of their career, leaving behind them a trail of popular feeling.

## CITY CLUBS: THEIR NOOKS, CORNERS, AND COMICALITIES

ETCHED AND SKETCHED IN DIVERS PERAMBULATIONS ABOUT TOWN.

By A WALKING GENTLEMAN.

### No. II.—THE PUNCHONIANS.

"Nature hath fram'd strange fellows in her time,  
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes  
And laugh like parrots at a bag-piper;  
And others of such vinegar aspect,  
That they'd not show their teeth in th' way of smile."

*Shakespeare.*

"Punch cures the gout, the cholic, and the phthisic."—*Old Ballad.*

WE are not nationally a punch-drinking people. We live not in a punch-pre-dominating age, although "Punch" is frequently the order of the day—indeed, myriads of enthusiastic admirers of that hunchback motley mimic, whether patronised in print or pantomime, I am fully aware are disposed to maintain that this is the age of punch.

But with all due deference, reader, to the opinion, whether it be thine or not, one cannot help repudiating its authority; in fact, the opinion is so extremely equivocal, and involves so many doubts as regards its authentic source, that one is apt to blink the question altogether; besides, after all, it's a mere matter of taste and speculation.

For instance, as regards the age itself in which we live, there is a vast portion of society charmed with the obtuse credulity that it is the golden age; sincere, pluralists, and persons born with what is called "a golden spoon in their mouth" are especially persuasive in this opinion. The

—wealthy fool, with gold in store,"

as described by Pope, might also be added to the catalogue. How far the California mining mania mongers may encourage the opinion remains to be seen; and though many things, and even persons, are said to be worth their weight in gold, "all is not gold that glitters," and the precious metal itself, according to the ideas at times of commercialists, may be bought too dear.

Then there are others whose ruling, or rather railing passion for kicking up a dust, keeping the steam up, and so forth, will not otherwise than consider it the iron age—a truism, perhaps, that some of our present legislators would not in the slightest degree rail against; one, at least, I might select, the ex-lord mayor of the city of York, who would not, for a single moment, feel ironical on the subject. Again, there are others equally fastidious in their opinions who are apt to declare that this is the age of bronze—well, let them think so, but they cannot honestly state that they are declaring a plain unvarnished fact.

Now, reader, in my own pure opinion, and detesting as I do all such squeamish and fantastic notions, I should most distinctly and without fear of contradiction assert, that this is the age of brass.

But, perhaps, one is forced to confess, that in these times persons desirous of making a noise in the world, or as the Yankees say, "to go ahead," are com-

pelled to put a brazen front upon matters, are driven to smother their feelings of bashfulness and delicacy—nay, do we not find every day that people desirous of becoming candidates for public notoriety, be it in the garb of prime minister, political economist, or parish beadle, plunge fearlessly at once into the meridian of their merits, leaving "no stone unturned" to turn the tide of popular feeling, as it were, to their purpose. Most assuredly we do, compassionate reader; as the French say, *chacun a son gout*, as a matter of course.

The Punchonians, however, as a club, were not devoted to either of the ages before named—except their own peculiar punch-mixing age, that which celebrated the daily idolatry at their own spiritual shrine, and bade them to remember that

"Punch cures the gout, the cholic, and the phthisic."

They were plain, plodding citizens, firmly attached to the olden times; detested your "new lights;" hated your schools of refinement,—in short, resolutely, to a man, scouted and unflinchingly pulverised the genius of the age which attempted to enlighten or, as the club designated it, to revolutionise the orders of society one after the other.

There was not a member of the Punchonians for the last half century but that had a profound horror at the "march of intellect;" the entire body considered the marches that were insidiously stealing upon them nothing more nor less than rabid strides towards accomplishing the destruction of their once hale, vigorous, and glorious constitution; indeed, they severally and collectively, I repeat, shuddered at the very idea of marches of any kind, as one would shudder at the upas tree, if we were on the poisonous island of Java. What cared the Punchonians whether the "schoolmaster was abroad" or at home; whether he was displeased with his station in life or not; "push on, keep moving," was not a maxim they felt desirous of appreciating; they only encouraged it as far as the punch was concerned, and then they took especial care never to be behind-hand in their endeavours to quickly

"Fathom the bowl."

They were too happy in the enjoyment of the old broad-wheel-waggon pace of life, as they termed it, and valued not a pinch of snuff the railroad rapidity which not only turned completely topsy-turvy the social comforts of life; but, as the club avowed more generally, burst its boilers. Nevertheless the Punchonians, as a club, disdained to "hide their candle under a bushel;" theirs were no hole-and-corner meetings; none of your night brawler peep-o'-day mortals, staggering abroad in their cups at the very "witching hour of night," prowling about brimful of punch and pugnacity, to the disturbance of their fellow citizens—

"Locked in downy sleep."

Nothing of the sort; the Punchonians were a sober club, never "coveted or desired other men's goods;" they believed also that—

"Early to bed and early to rise,

Make a man healthy, wealthy, and wise."

And had resolutely followed up the maxim to the very letter.\*

\* I am not wishing to deny the fact, but there are black sheep in every flock, and occasionally a stray clubbite of *Bacchus pleni* pretensions might, upon rare occasions, such as the commemoration of any important civic event, or going out for a quiet day on a trip to Norwood in a parochial capacity or similar business-like obligations, with the common councilmen of his ward, in a hired "glass coach," and the ward beadle on the box. I say it is not improbable but such a Punchonian might have been seen staggering homewards supported by the "city watch," and a comfortable night-cap furnished by the club to soothe his pillow at a *leeste* bit later than two in the morning!! But then, as our own loyal and royal motto observes—

"Honi soit qui mal y pense."

But sober, discreet, and orderly as the Punchonians were as a club, they had none of your strait-laced, temperance-pledged, puritanic plebeians among its fraternity. There was not a member that didn't know how to "live and be jolly;" that didn't perfectly well believe that while creation itself "drank light from the sun," it was their duty to

"Drink punch from their bowls;"

and the more they scrutinised over the book of nature, the oftener they found the thirsty earth "moistening well its lips;" truly, therefore, did they consider, as faithful followers of creation's authority, that

"When all nature was soaking,"

the less right had they "to remain dry." In addition to which authority, the motto of the club—

"Punch cures the gout, the cholic, and the phthisic,"

furnished a sort of undeniable evidence, in itself sufficiently potent and pungent not to be deemed otherwise than strictly conclusive.

Shakespeare, in his tragic play of *Macbeth*, leads "the worthythane of Fife" to salute one of his countrymen with—

"Stands Scotland where it did?"

What would have been the surprise of that William Shakespere in the present era were he to have revisited the earth and surveyed the *locale* of his once illustrious popularity? It would have needed no ghost of Christopher Wren to have told him, in reply to his inquiry (if he had been so disposed to ask the question),—"Stands the City where it did?"—that,

"Like the baseless fabric of a vision,"

it had scarcely left its name behind; for, with the exception of a few of its landmarks, the portly bulk of St. Paul's Cathedral, the lank-looking pyramid of stone steps and suicidal reproaches, the Monument, the lordly mansion of its lordly mayor, including those antediluvian personages, Gog and Magog, few of the antique relics of civic record have escaped the sweeping demolition of the venerable gentleman with scythe in hand, designated Time; whom, if he be considered no Chartist, may be safely distinguished as a leveller; and truly might we add "Time works wonders."

A century back a candidate for getting on in the world, as our grandams used to say, might have left his

"Dear native home"

to commence his journey on the jog-trot road of life "without impediment;" he might have made his *débüt* in the great City of the Metropolis (as three-fourths of the civic community of that period were known to have done), with no other introduction to success than a comely, unsophisticated physiognomy and a silver shilling in his pocket.

But that lucky age has passed away; the silver shillings of the earlier centuries possessed most probably an "*open sesame*" charm to the hearts and kindlier feelings of our nature than the twelve-pennyworth of the royal currency at present issued from Her Majesty's Mint, or else the citizens of London retained more of the milk of human kindness in their compositions than the modern race appear to do—certainly, the City had not its police at the time we have named, nor were its streets thronged with so many groups of perambulatory mendicant-trading vagrants, like those in the present day.

Small share of success would have attended the hobnail-booted clodhopper, the type of bygone ages, in this refined era, who might have left his "native hills," or any other

"Ills that flesh is heir to,"

to try his luck in "life's lottery" unaccompanied by carpet-bag or character,

promiscuously expecting to establish himself at the threshold of some alderman's door-step of humanity with only a silver shilling, and the wide world for his benefactor. The tread-mill, or picking oakum would soon be his lot, for

"Truth is a hungry calling."

But what have all these semi-sentimental, sarcastic, *sour-crowl* traits of character to do with the Punchonians? Well now, don't be waspish, friendly reader, perhaps they are not altogether in keeping with that cup-loving fraternity, still not exactly *mal apropos* to the subject, for a distinguished bard somewhere writes—

"Society is a chain of obligations,  
And its links must support each other."

Therefore, my friend, this somewhat factitious digression—if I may so call it—is not out of the way from my intended pursuit, inasmuch as it was helping thee to a bird's-eye view of the great City and its characteristic citizens, before the architectural metamorphosis of the nineteenth century had changed the humbler nooks and corners to their present more picturesque and patrician importance.

However, let us approach the club-house of the Punchonians.

A few years since, reader, on tracing thy footsteps through Queen-street from Cheapside, a snugly-built, old-fashioned tavern might have presented itself to the eye, standing out somewhat prominently in the centre of its *locale*, having Watling-street for its nearest thoroughfare on its left; while "Cloak-lane," almost opposite, formed another approach; its neighbouring avenue, "Creed-lane," attached to its right; and its own quiet uninterrupted nook, "Little St. Thomas the Apostle," constituting its exact spot, The Punchonian Club House.

Prythee, reader, suppose me possessed of thine arm, and let us enter, there pass we now the low-roofed angular-shaped-bar, over which presides the good-humoured, and at all times smiling host; all is din and noise, hurry-scurry; and the perpetual bustling about of the waiter, with his starched-up white cravat and clean damask napkin polishing his wine glasses (scarcely giving himself one moment's breathing time under the weighty demands upon his attention) assures thee that the club has assembled.\*

Tread carefully up those narrow flights of stairs, reader; now let us knock three times at this massive door—*presto!*—we enter. Punch-bowls and tobacco puffs, what a fume! The club is one cloud of smoke! What steamy adulations to the shrine of its liquid deity; With what *gusto* each member seems to gloat upon his punch and his pipe! And see, my friend, how gladly the chairman welcomes us, and in silent but unmistakeable motions invites us to join in the exhilarating revels. Here we have punch in all its glory! Who could hesitate for a moment to mingle with such jovial cheer? They say—

"This world's a world of woe."

Not so think the Punchonians; "dull care" is always left behind them—nay, should the ugly wrinkled monster dare to show itself for one moment within those punch streaming walls, depend on it, my friend, it would be readily dismissed, or if troublesome, thou seest each man would mercilessly

"Drown it in the bowl."

But, hark! the president's hammer gives "note of preparation;" harmony is about to commence. Now does each member gather himself up for a long evening's devotion—well may Shakespere write: "Nature hath framed strange

\* One of the rules of the club permitted the admission of a friend on one occasion,—by way of temptation, probably; and it certainly had its effect, for I scarcely remember one "stranger" to have made a probationary visit but that did not speedily become enrolled a member of the Punchonians.

fellows in her time." There's not a man at this moment that would change places with the Lord Mayor. What a group of happy faces!—

"Some that peep through their eyes,  
And laugh like parrots at a bag-piper;"

while here and there, scattered amidst this joyous throng, though there may be seen one or so of "vinegar aspect," their thoughts are punch, and merely

"Do a wilful stillness entertain,"  
With purpose to be drest in an opinion  
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit"

but, believe me, reader, thorough-going Punchonians. Again the chairman's hammer sounds to order; the waiters leave the room; the bowls are full; where in "merry groups they sit;" or if the Punchonian chooses to hob and nob *solus*, as it were, he is supplied with his capacious tumbler, his wine-glass and ladle, his tray of tobacco, and helps himself agreeably to his own choice, *ad infinitum*.

Thus, reader, passed the Punchonian's hours until the chimes of Bow-bells indicate the parting glass, and with the national anthem, given with more loyalty than skill, the club is dissolved for the night.

Reader, let us pause here; this brief detail imparts to thee an outline of the club that for many years rejoiced in the tempting title, "The Punchonians;" their Bacchanalian temple, coincident also in its appellation, was known by the sign of "The Sugar Loaf." That sign remains unchanged, but the too prevalent taste for improvements has given its exterior an entirely changed appearance; those gas-lit, scroll-work, filagree sort of embellishments; those profusely-ornamented internal fittings-up, and that stucco-fronted building; that circular-constructed emporium for "choice wines" and "Barclay's brown stout," only serve to identify the unpretending tavern of the "olden time," as far as the site of ground is concerned. The dashing, gin-palace-like importance peculiar to the present period, which now presents itself, reader, to thy gaze "hath done its worst"—it has superseded, alas! that club—it has destroyed, "at one fell swoop,"

"THE PUNCHONIANS!"



fellows in her time." There's not a man at this moment that would change places with the Lord Mayor. What a group of happy faces!

## LAYS FROM SHAKESPEARE.

By FANNY E. LACY.

### No. 10.—CONSTANCE.

PANDULPH. "You hold too heinous a respect of grief."

CONSTANCE. "He talks to me that never had a son."

"Grief fills the room up of my absent child:

Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me,

Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,

Remembers me of all his gracious parts,

Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form,

Then have I reason to be fond of grief."

*King John, Act 3rd, Scene 4th.*

LEAVE unto me my dear and cherished grief,

The only friend that brings my heart relief,

And memory clings to—still to fondly dress,

As the loved form my lips so oft would bless:

And grief the semblance so endearing wears,

In little garments of his infant years,

Repeating all a mother's heart hath known,

That, with its grief, the heart is not alone.

Then welcome, lovely grief, though cold thy kiss,

I hold thee dearer than all earthly bliss;

A faithful friend thou hast in memory

That with her pleadings still doth hallow thee,

Smiling through tears her grief to look upon.

For who can barish grief where memory reigns?

Oh, who bid grief depart, while love remains?

And ye replying to my anguish "Peace,"

Say, can ye bid the voice of Nature cease?

That e'en from brutes bereaved a mother's love,

Rises to Nature's source in God above!

"He talks to me, that never had a son!"

To me! to me! that had but only one!

The fairest that a mother's pangs ere cost

Her hope—her widow's joy—and—he is lost!

## MUSIC: ITS RISE AND PROGRESS.

### CHAPTER VII.

THE success that attended "*The Entertainment in Declamation and Music, after the Manner of the Ancients*" was such as to justify Sir William Davenant in turning his attention to the production of other entertainments. The first of these was *The Siege of Rhodes*, performed at Rutland House, in 1656. It was acted in *stilo recitativo*; and according to the testimony of Pope, Langbaine, and Cibber was the first regular opera sung in England. In 1662 Davenant opened his theatre in Lincoln's-inn-fields, where he reproduced *The Siege of Rhodes*, with the addition of a second part, in a style of unprecedented splendour. The *prima donna*, Roxalana, was performed by the famous Mrs. Davenport, who was seduced by Lord Oxford, under colour of a sham marriage. On discovering the deception, she sought redress at the footstool of the throne, and his lordship was compelled to allow her an annuity of £300.

In 1658 Davenant brought forward another new introduction to the stage. This was a drama, with scenery and decorations, and entitled *The Cruelty of the Spaniards in Peru*. Evelyn, whom we have before quoted, and who was as conversant with the Italian as the English stage, speaks in his "Diary" of the production, and as his testimony verifies the fact that Davenant's dramas were operas in imitation of the Italian school, we extract from his journal of the 5th May, 1659, an account of a visit to see the piece in question. It should be premised that the then recent death of Oliver Cromwell had rendered dramatic entertainments rather objectionable to a large portion of the community, who considered it indecorous to open any house of entertainment at such a period.

"I went to visit my brother," he says, "and next day to see a new opera, after the Italian way, in recitative, *musiq*, and *sceanes*, much inferior to the Italian *composure* and magnificence; but it was prodigious that in a time of such publique consternation, such a vanity should be kept up or permitted. I, being engaged with company, could not decently resist the going to see it, though my heart smote me for it."

He then goes on to give a description of the piece, such as would establish the reputation of many a modern critic; and concludes with the following quaint account of the last scenes:—"A doleful pavin (a slow and grave piece of music, so called from its resembling the motion of the peacock), is played to prepare the change of the scene, which represents a dark prison at a great distance; and further to the view are discerned racks and other engines of torture, with which the Spaniards are tormenting the natives and English mariners, who may be supposed to be lately landed there to discover the coast. Two Spaniards are likewise discovered sitting in their cloaks, and appearing more solemn in ruffs, with rapiers and daggers by their sides; *the one turning a spit, WHILE THE OTHER IS BASTING AN INDIAN PRINCE, WHO IS ROASTED AT AN ARTIFICIAL FIRE!*" What a specimen of the dramatic taste of the age. We can forgive the introduction of the implements of torture and of the solemn ruffs, but the piquant idea of basting an Indian prince, is too ticklish for even risibility; although he is represented as roasting at an artificial fire.

Of the music of this and the other productions of Davenant we have no vestiges; and consequently may infer that its merits were not such as to ensure a lasting popularity. Nor was the dialogue of a sufficiently poetic description

to inspire undying strains from the composer. With all the demerits, however, and drawbacks of which we speak, these crude aborigines of the lyrical stage are entitled to lasting veneration for being the medium of three valuable introductions—namely, the licensed appearance of actresses in female characters, the advantages of scenery and decorations, and the practice of expressing heroic sentiments in *stilo recitativo*. Davenant paved the way for the first even before the Restoration, by introducing Mrs. Coleman as Ianthé, in the first part of *The Siege of Rhodes*. This was in 1656, and being tolerated, induced him on the accession of Charles II. to apply for a formal licence, under which the celebrated Mrs. Betterton was the first to appear. The second improvement was made in the piece above mentioned; whilst the third was not only introduced on every occasion, but advocated by Davenant himself, in the following language:—"Recitative music," he says (in his *brochure* of "The Playhouse to Let"), is not composed of matter so familiar as may serve for every low occasion of discourse. In tragedy the language of the stage is raised above the common dialect, our passions rising with the height of verse; and vocal music adds new wings to the flights of poetry." This would be the language of modern criticism, in undertaking to express the office and character of recitative.

It is unnecessary to pursue the minute details of the progress of the operatic stage during the period of Davenant's existence. After his demise in 1668, a new epoch was opened by the immortal Matthew Locke, who wedded his strains to the muse of Shakespere through the instrumentality of Shadwell, who in 1673 converted *The Tempest* into an opera. The same author produced, in the same year, the opera of *Psyche*, in which Locke was assisted in the music by Battista Draglie. In 1674 Davenant's alteration of *Macbeth* was produced, and afforded Locke the opportunity of winning the crown of immortality. This great composer was born at Exeter, in the cathedral of which he was brought up as a chorister, adding one to the many instances of the stage having robbed the church of one of its brightest ornaments. In 1657 he published his "Concert in three Parts for Viols and Violins," and composed also the music for the public entry of Charles II. at the Restoration, and was subsequently installed the composer in ordinary to his majesty. He afterwards embraced Catholicism, and was appointed organist to Queen Catharine of Portugal. He died in 1687. His merits as a composer are admitted by the highest masters of the art, and will be acknowledged by the latest posterity; but in no instance has he produced so magnificent an emanation of his genius as in the composition of the music in *Macbeth*. Not Mendelssohn himself has excelled this divine work, in which imagination has soared beyond all the trammels of the period, its conventional forms and phrases, with such beauty and force, imparting such a freshness to the flowing rhythms of his melodies; such energy and expression to his rich and graceful harmonies, and thrown the whole into masses of such astonishing breadth and grandeur that in all time the soul of the hearer will acknowledge its originality and claims to admiration. Passages may be adduced which have not their equal even in the scores of Meyerbeer and Weber, much as they excel in giving expression to the unearthly and supernatural. It is, in fact, one of the noblest and most beautiful works ever composed by an English musician, and may be pronounced as a stupendous effort of unapproachable genius. Without the words every note conveys the intended meaning. The opening *aria parlante*, "Speak, sister, speak," tells of a conference in which deeds of darkness are discussed. The chorus "We should rejoice," is as indicative of demoniacal joy as the language itself, and equals anything in Mendelssohn's *Walpurgis Night*. The exquisitely-graceful air, "Let's have a dance upon the heath," would create an idea of witches at their revels had it never been contemplated by the author, uniting as it does the strains of mad merriment, wildly repeated by echo, with that touch of melancholy and gloom with which the lost souls of the witches might be supposed to imbue their most frantic expressions of hilarity. The incantation scene is another master-piece, and if it does not transcend the wonderful compositions of a similar nature in *Roberto il Diavolo*,

and *Der Freyschütz*, it entirely equals them, and is as deserving of immortal fame.

Under such a master it was impossible for opera not to progress in this country, and we accordingly find that the theatres became enlarged; seats were provided in the pit for spectators; the orchestra was graced with a regular band of musicians, who introduced the performance of *entr'actes* and accompanied the vocalists and dancers on the stage, and the songs, dances, and act tunes of the theatre became in fashionable society a source of general amusement. These consisted of every description of composition from ballad to single air, counterpoint, recitative, fugue, canon, and chromatic music. The fashionable taste of the wealthy classes became at the same time considerably influenced by the fostering example of Hortensia Mancini, the celebrated Duchess of Mazarin, who made the English court her home. This was in hopes of reviving the early passion of Charles II., who had been smitten by her charms during his forced residence in Paris, where the lady was brought up and educated from infancy during the reign of Louis XIV., and had established herself the reigning beauty and wit. Her uncle, the wily and politic Cardinal Mazarin, had refused his consent to her marriage with the exiled prince, and she gave her hand to the Duc de la Meilleraie. But when Charles ascended the British throne she quitted her husband, although at the sacrifice of a fortune of twenty million livres bequeathed her by the cardinal, in hopes of destroying the ascendancy of the then reigning favourite, the Duchess of Portsmouth. Her royal admirer fell into the snare, and he granted her an annual pension of £4,000; but she speedily lost his favour by her unblushing effrontery in engaging in another intrigue. She afterwards resided at Chelsea, by the advice of the poet St. Evremond, and became famous for the magnificence of the musical and dramatic entertainments with which she graced the evenings on which she had invited visitors. The expenses, however, were liquidated at the gaming-table; she beguiled the guests she allured for the purposes of deep play; and became partner in a basset bank kept by a French adventurer named Martin. This was so well known that at her banquets it became customary for visitors to leave a golden *Carolin* under the table-cloth to defray her expenses; a fact that was imparted to Sir Robert Walpole by the Earl of Godolphin.

Such was the woman to whom the world is indebted for the preservation of song during the frivolities of a reign in which nothing elevating was allowed to command serious attention. Strange to say, however, the very influence she exercised threatened the destinies of song itself in this country, for her taste had been formed in the French school, and her entertainments consisted chiefly of selections from Lulli, under the superintendence of a French musician, named Paisable. She thus gave a similar bias to the prevailing taste of the age, and French music was becoming fostered in all directions, when the appearance of Purcell gave a new turn to the tide, and a proper direction to the high admiration of music in the abstract which had arisen. Thus the foundation of the English school is literally owing to the daughter of Cardinal Mazarin.

The predilection of this arbitress of fashion for music, combined with the impetus it had received from the genius of Matthew Locke, sustained the science of song during the period of which we write, and prepared it for being rooted in our native soil by the towering intellects of Purcell.

An account of this time-famous composer has already been given in a former chapter; he was father of the school that afterwards produced an Arne, a Linley, an Arnold, a Dibdin, a Shield, a Callcott, a Bishop, and others, and may even be considered as having given tone to the genius of a Handel himself. With this brief recurrence to the career of Purcell, we will now proceed to the actual introduction of Italian opera into this country; but before we enter upon another chapter it may not be amiss to make cursory mention of the names of the principal male and female vocalists to whom the art was indebted during the period of which we have treated. The males were usually choristers of the Chapel Royal—a practice afterwards prohibited by Queen Anne. Those of

most note were Messrs. Damascene, Bouchier, Turner, and Woodson; but they did not acquire the celebrity of the Messrs. Pate, Freeman, Harris, and Bowen, who were regular performers. None of these, however, exist in the annals of fame. With the ladies it was different, and of them we will give a brief biographical summary.

Miss Shore, afterwards the wife of Colley Cibber, was daughter to Matthias Shore, the king's serjeant-trumpeter. She was Purcell's favourite pupil, and in addition to great musical talents was possessed of beauty and accomplishments. Her celebrity was great and deserved.

Miss Campion. This accomplished singer and actress died in her nineteenth year, in 1706; but had lived long enough to rise by her talents and fall by her beauty. After her success on the stage, she became the mistress of William, the first Duke of Devonshire, a man considerably advanced in years. The epitaph he caused to be inscribed upon her tomb became matter for much public censure, containing as it did encomiums only due to purity.

Mrs. Davis. This celebrated representative of Celania, in a play named *The Rivals*, captivated the fickle heart of Charles II. by her delightful execution of the well-known ballad "My lodging is on the cold ground." She speedily quitted the stage for her royal innamorato, whom she subsequently presented with a daughter, who became in due time Countess Derwentwater, through her marriage with Francis Lord Ratcliff.

Mrs. Butler. This lady achieved her fame by her performance of Philadel, the good spirit, in Purcell's *King Arthur*.

Mrs. Bracegirdle. This lady's memoirs are so amply detailed by Colley Cibber that we shall afford the reader much more gratification by referring him to the biography of that author, than by entering upon them within these limits. She was a charming woman, and an accomplished actress and singer. Obloquy has been attached to her character, but it was in reality stainless. She died in her eighty-fifth year, in 1748.

Such was the meagre extent of English talent during the reigns on the Continent of Scarlatti, Caldara, Lotti, Vivaldi, Apostolo Zeno, and Metastasio. We now proceed to the period when the notes of Italian song became regularly introduced in native integrity to a land that has since fostered it more liberally than its own birth-place.

## CHAPTER VIII.

It has already been stated that to Purcell is owing the direction of the taste for music, under the auspices of the Duchess de la Meilleraie, which had succeeded to the gloomy ascetism of the Commonwealth. His *Prophetess* paved the way, and he had the satisfaction of discovering by its success that the musical taste of the country merely required moulding, not forming. In his dedication of the above opera to the Duke of Somerset, he says:—"Music is yet but in its nonage, a forward child, which gives hopes of what it may be hereafter in England when the masters of it shall find more encouragement. 'Tis now learning Italian, which is its best master, and studying a little of the French air to give it somewhat more of gaiety and fashion." Such was the prophetic declaration prefixed to *The Prophetess* by its composer, whom destiny designed as the worker out of his own prediction.

At this period it first became fashionable for English gentlemen to take what was termed "the grand tour," and to cultivate the love of painting, music, and poetry in the classic land of Italy. Thus the efforts of Purcell to inculcate a taste for Italian music were materially aided by the prevailing custom and the notions brought from abroad by the arbiters of opinion. At length the bias became confirmed by the arrival in this country of Francesca Margherita de l'Epine, the first *prima donna* from Italy who visited this country. The following announcement respecting her is from a number of *The London Gazette* in 1692:—



"The Italian lady that lately came over, that is so famous for singing, will sing at the concerts in York-buildings during the season."

In 1693 a concert, supported entirely by Italian performers, was announced by Signor Fosi, a musical author of eminence, and from that period the patronage of Italian performers became extensive. But it must not be supposed that the national prejudice of England in favour of everything English gave way at once on the appearance of l'Epine, who in the musical squibs of the day was denominated "Greber's Peg," from having been introduced to this country by a German musician named Greber. Her powers, however, procured for her their deserved admiration, and she became at last a reigning favourite. In 1718 she gave her hand in marriage to Doctor Pepusch, and retired from the stage, bringing with her a fortune of £10,000. Her character is highly spoken of by those who had opportunities of judging. She was so swarthy in complexion that her husband used good humouredly to name her "Hecate." As a harpsichordist her talents were pre-eminent, and her singing was no doubt of an equally high order. In 1703 her claims to popularity were opposed by the celebrated Mrs. Tofts, who combined Italian with English singing, and being engaged at the theatre in Lincoln's Inn gave rise to the first musical feud recorded in this country. It bore the distinctive features of most *émeutes* of the kind, but as it was the precursor of that rivalry which for so long a period impeded the growth of musical art in this empire, a short detail may not be unacceptable to the reader. The following lines, by Hughes, the author of *The Siege of Damascus*, will furnish some idea of the state of the two parties at that epoch:—

"Music has learn'd the discords of the state,  
And concerts jar with Whig and Tory hate.  
Here Somerset and Devonshire attend  
The British Tofts, and every note commend;  
To native merit just, and pleased to see  
We've Roman hearts from Roman bondage free.  
There fam'd l'Epine does equal skill employ,  
While listening peers crowd to the extatic joy.  
Bedford to hear her song his dice forsakes;  
And Nottingham is raptured when she shakes.  
Lull'd statesmen melt away their drowsy cares  
Of England's safety in Italian airs."

The schism between the two parties eventually ran so high that the cause was taken up on each side by the domestics of the rivals, and on one occasion, when l'Epine appeared at Drury Lane Theatre, the partisans of Mrs. Tofts were incited to commence an uproar by one Ann Barwick, a domestic of the English *cantatrice*. This occasioned so much scandal that, in vindication of herself, Mrs. Tofts addressed the following cartel to the editor of *The Daily Courant*, who inserted it on the 8th of February, 1804:—

"Ann Barwick having occasioned a disturbance at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, on Saturday night last, the 5th of February, and being thereupon taken into custody, Mrs. Tofts, in vindication of her innocence, sent a letter to Mr. Rich, master of the said theatre, which is as followeth:—"Sir,—I was very much surprised when I was informed that Ann Barwick, who was lately my servant, had committed a rudeness last night at the playhouse, by throwing of oranges, and hissing when Mrs. l'Epine, the Italian gentlewoman, was singing. I hope no one will think that 'it was in the least with my privacy, as I assure you it was not. I abhor such practices, and I hope you will cause her to be prosecuted, that she may be punished as she deserves.

"I am, Sir, your humble Servant,  
"KATHARINE TOFTS."

This well-timed epistle did much to allay the spirit of faction, and in a short time the rival queens of song were each allowed to "pursue the even tenor of their way in quiet." The popularity of Mrs. Tofts, however, increased with

time, and she attained to the highest honours of her profession. Her first step towards celebrity was her representation of Camilla, in *Arsinoë Queen of Cyprus*, an opera translated from the Italian, with new music composed by one Thomas Clayton, who having been in Italy took upon himself the task of reforming the English musical drama, although entirely destitute of the requisite genius. His high-sounding pretensions, however, imposed on the public, and he was looked upon as the apostle of improvement; in consequence of which, his opera, although a worthless and trashy performance, was allowed to run twenty-four nights during the first season, and eleven the second. This being the first of that description of pieces which preceded the actual introduction of Italian opera into England, we must ascribe to it an importance not belonging to its merits. It was produced on the 16th January, 1705, and represented entirely by English singers; the performers being Messrs. Cook, Leveridge, and Hughes, and Mesdames Tofts, Cross, and Lyndsay. The music and words were utterly contemptible.

This piece of successful trash was succeeded by another attempt of the same kind, entitled *Camilla*. This was a translation by Owen M'Swiny, from the Italian of *Silvio Stampiglio*, the English words being adapted to the original music of Marc Antonio Buononcini, whose brother Giovanni became so celebrated as the rival of Handel. The piece was as successful as its predecessor, and was followed by another opera of the same kind, entitled *Thomyris Queen of Scythia*; and thus was effected that change in the public taste which led to the introduction of Italian dramatic singers into this country. The music of *Camilla* possesses considerable merit; but on the arrival of Italian singers it was subjected to an absurdity that would prove the ruin of a modern opera. This was the delivery by the Italian of the words in his native language, while Mrs. Tofts spoke hers in English. This acatalepsia was overlooked as a conventional licence by playgoers, but did not escape the shafts of the wits of the time. Palentini Urbani was the foreigner in question, and he was accompanied by a lady who was a native of Germany, but known only as "The Baroness." Signora de l'Epine was also engaged with these parties. Ricoboni informs us that a similar licence to the one just mentioned was employed on the introduction of Italian operas into Hamburgh, where the airs were sung in Italian and the recitative in German.

The success of these importations from the Italian stage induced the celebrated Addison to attempt an opera in imitation of the style. The piece, however, though poetically written, proved a failure through the worthlessness of the music, which he had been injudicious enough to commit to the pretender Clayton, in whose favour public delusion had ceased. Thirty years afterwards it was reproduced with new music by Dr. Arne, and received the favour due to its polished and elegant versification; but the want of dramatic action and movement in the story speedily occasioned its re-entombment, and Addison in consequence exhibited constant hostility during the remainder of his life to the Italian Opera. The first night of its performance was on the 4th of March, 1707. The part of Queen Eleanor was represented by Mrs. Tofts, and Rosamond by one Signora Maria Gallia.

In 1708 the English passion for foreign operas attracted to our shores the famous Cavaliere Nicolini Grimaldi, better known by his nomenclature of Nicolini. He is classed by Quadrio as one of the great singers who gave lustre to the period between 1690 and 1700, and his visit to England was a memorable event. He appeared on the 14th of December in a translation by M'Swiny from Adriano Morselli's *Pirro e Demetrio*; the music by Scarlatti, arranged to the English words by Nicola Haym, who produced a new overture and several additional airs. The performers were English and Italians, who sung and acted in their respective languages. Its success rankled deeply in the breast of Addison; but such were the personal graces of Nicolini, and such the sweetness of his voice, that even the fulminations of our greatest essayist were insufficient to stop its career. *Pyrrhus and Demetrius* was the last opera delivered in a medley

of languages, the death-blow to which practice was given by the following satirical effusion in the pages of *The Tatler*, of January 30, 1810. It is in the form of a letter from the manager of a puppet-show, who is named Penkethman, and who says :—

" 'Tis well known it has been my constant endeavour to furnish the town with agreeable amusements, both in my present performances on the theatre; and in other undertakings of different times; for which reason I have consented to suffer so much persecution on the British stage, and so often submitted myself to the severities of whips, cudgels, canes, and the like instruments of correction; and likewise, during the vacation of dramatic representations last summer, I erected a booth at Greenwich, that the quality and gentry might at the same time receive the diversion of a play and the benefit of the air. The last effort I have made is that surprising machine, or moving picture, which goes under the denomination of the pantheon, and has given general satisfaction to all such as have had the curiosity see it. This, my new invented opera, is already so well adapted to general purposes that it is capable of representing at once a hundred curious figures, with all the proper movements and gestures that are necessary to make an impression on the imagination. But whereas the strength of the nation's genius is such that it does not wholly terminate in dumb show and outward magnificence, but extends even to sound, not offended *sometimes* with a little mixture of sense, provided it be sparingly introduced, I have contrived a method to introduce music into my operations. Thus shall the auditors be entertained with trills, quavers, and divisions, in greater perfection than has been ever yet known, which advantage will arise from a certain fineness and tenuity of the vocal organs peculiar to my own players. They shall beat the air with *crotchets*, heroically expire in *fugues*, brandish their arms through the passive vacuum, and *fly away upon the musical wings of the wind*. But what is still more extraordinary, I resolve not to put the audience to the silly unnecessary trouble of understanding what they hear. Nothing vulgar, nothing English shall be admitted; but the drama consist wholly of foreign airs and tunes, with such decorations as are proper to any country but our own. My *Nicolini* (for you must permit me at present to make use of the commonly-received names, my correspondent at Venice having promised to furnish me as soon as he is able with a set of the finest that can be collected from all parts abroad), shall bemoan the cruelty of his stars and mistress in soothing Gothic; my *Valentini* shall answer him most canorously in high Dutch; my *Leveridge* shall grumble harsh *Hebrew gutturals* in a passion; and *Lynzeina* squeak out pig-notes from behind the curtain."

The effect of this piece of banter was to open the eyes of the public to the absurdity of a mixed language in the same piece, and consequently the English singers very speedily disappeared. Mrs. Tofts had already retired from the stage owing to a mental hallucination which occasioned her of an evening to imagine herself to be actually the character she had been representing. This was in 1709, when her beauty was in the height of its bloom, and her voice in the fulness of its sweetness. So thoroughly did she enter into the characters she represented that when she finished her part she could not think of retrenching her equipage, but would appear in her own lodgings with the same magnificence as she did upon the stage. Later in life, and while her charms were yet in their meridian, she recovered from her insanity, and married Mr. Joseph Smith, the English Consul at Venice, whom she accompanied thither, and to whom she brought a large fortune. He was a great patron of the arts and a book collector, and lived in a style of considerable magnificence, which unhappily brought about a renewal of his wife's disorder, for she would ramble in the woods under the impression that she was a princess. Her husband consequently placed her in a remote dwelling by herself with a large garden to range in, and she there passed the remainder of her days in that state of innocent frenzy to which she had formerly yielded. This lasted for many years, as she did not pass from the transitory scene of life until the year 1760.

With the secession of Mrs. Tofts and the production of *Pyrrhus and Demetrius* the Anglo-Italian school of opera passed away, and the first Italian opera was produced. This was *Almahide*, and attained great popularity. The period of the epoch was January, 1710.

The vocalists who supported this innovation were Valentini, Nicolini, l'Epine, Cassani, and Signora Isabella. The music was marked with several novel feats of execution, and was fuller of divisions than anything that had been previously heard, but beyond those features it possessed little claim to the popularity it acquired at the time. This opera was followed by another, which may be ranked as the *ne plus ultra* of dramatic absurdity. It was entitled *Hydaspes*, in which the hero is condemned to be devoured by a lion in the presence of his mistress in the public amphitheatre. He is brought on guarded by soldiers, and addresses the lion in a long bravura song, full of the most extravagant divisions and flourishes. He first calls upon the "cruel monster" to commence the attack, "*Mostro crudel che fai?*" and then with a sentimental air, and in a large movement in the minor key, informs the brute that he may tear his bosom but shall not touch his heart. He then breathes a love tale to the poor monster, and eventually throttles him. This piece of wretched fustian was handled with all the severity of wit by Addison in the thirteenth number of his *Spectator*, and the consequence was its speedy withdrawal from the stage.

The next opera was *The Expedition of Alexander the Great*, a piece almost equally ridiculous with the former. This was followed by an event that will ever be memorable in the annals of music—namely, the arrival in England of the immortal Handel.

## CHAPTER IX.

THE arrival in England of the illustrious Handel was in 1710, at which period, although he had only attained his twenty-seventh year, he had acquired the highest reputation as a dramatic composer, both in Italy and Germany. His visit to England was in compliance with the invitation of several noblemen, with whom he had become acquainted in the court of Hanover; and no sooner was his arrival made known than Aaron Hill, the manager of the Haymarket Theatre, applied to him to compose an opera. Handel consented, and Hill sketched out a plan from the famous episode of Rinaldo and Armida, in Tasso's "*Jerusalem Delivered*." Rossi, a poet of some celebrity, executed the *libretto*, which Handel composed in the short space of a fortnight. It was produced on the 24th of February, 1711, and was represented without interruption to crowded audiences until the end of the season. Addison, who never forgot or forgave the fate of his own *Rosomond*, commenced a series of attacks upon this opera in the *Spectator*; but with all the force of his grave remonstrances, his cutting sarcasm, and playful raillery, he was unable to divert the public taste from its favourite attraction.

Of Handel's subsequent career we shall have occasion to speak hereafter. In the mean time, synchronic uniformity carries us back to Italy, where it is necessary we should see how matters were progressing in the operatic world during the doings we have detailed as signalling the days of the "merry monarch."

The leading event that marked the epoch was the birth of Metastasio, on the 6th of January, 1698. His father, Felice Trapasso, was a common soldier, but having saved a little money during the usual time of service he entered into business at Rome as a dealer in pastry, oil, flour, and other commodities, which enabled him to place his son in a grammar school, where the young Pietro signalled himself as a poet before he was ten years of age. He possessed the power of improvisatising on any given subject, and was accustomed to exercise this faculty after school hours in his father's shop, where crowds of persons were wont to assemble to hear him sing his extemporaneous effusions. Accident caused this practice to lead to his future fame and prosperity; the celebrated

civilian, Gravina, chancing to pass on one of these occasions, stopped to listen, and became so charmed with the sweetness of the boy's voice and the precocity of his genius that he made proposals to take the boy to his house and cultivate the extraordinary talents with which nature had gifted him.

On the following morning the arrangement was carried into effect. Gravina, who was not only a profound and eminent lawyer, but an enthusiastic votary of poetry and the arts and a man of letters, gave his *protegé* the name of Metastasio, which is the Greek translation of Trapasso. He designed turning the elocutionary talents of the youth to account by making him an orator instead of a poet; but the force of genius interfered, and the gifted boy, at the age of fourteen, produced his tragedy of *Giustino*, which, though never represented, is indicative of high literary merit.

At the age of eighteen Gravina took Metastasio to Naples, where he exhibited his powers as an improvisatore in competition with the illustrious Rolli, Vagnini, and the Chevalier Perfetti, and soon became the popular idol. In 1718 Gravina died, bequeathing to his adopted son the whole of his wealth. Metastasio paid a beautiful tribute to his memory in an elegy entitled "*La Strada della gloria*;" and having now become his own master he gave way to his taste for the lighter enjoyments of life, and in a very short time squandered the whole of his fortune upon the gay acquaintances whom he invited to his table. In two years this act of folly was complete, and finding himself on the verge of poverty he made up his mind to turn over a new leaf, and resumed the study of the law under Pagliotti, one of the most eminent lawyers in Naples; but this did not last. He became a general favourite in society, and the aristocracy of the place insisted upon the constant exercise of his extraordinary talents. In 1721 the Countess Althan prevailed upon him to write an *epithalamium* for the nuptials of a member of her family. This gave birth to *Endymion*, his first opera, which was published on the 30th May, of that year, and dedicated to the lady in question. The ice was now broken, and Metastasio became a poet for life.

(To be continued.)



## WHITSUNTIDE AMUSEMENTS.

But turn we to the myriads who remain in town to spend the holiday. Whither do they speed? They throng the museums, the picture galleries, and every place in which gratuitous admission is attainable; from these they proceed to treat themselves to views of a more costly kind, and hence the multitudes we see congregated round the doors of such places as the Polytechnic Institution, Burford's, Risley's, and Banvard's panoramas; the Cosmorama, Diorama, and Colosseum—and, in short, every place where information blends with amusement. Equally crowded are our "Zoologicals," our "Cremorens," and our "Surrey Zoological Gardens," for there, too, the voice of instruction is heard in the moment of enjoyment. Fresh air, and green trees, and verdant footways also contribute to both health and happiness; and he who does not return from such scenes with improved notions must have been more than stultified by early habits and education. Fervently do we hope that the directors of public affairs will take advantage of this favourable state of things. Now more than ever is education of vital importance; but it must be pleasantly conveyed. Increase the number of gratuitous exhibitions, knock down the Battersea and other fairs, and spread open parks in their places; encourage music and dancing, not in pot-houses but in edifices where public instruction may be obtained without fee, and to which the charges for admission may be reduced to a minimum just sufficient to pay the salaries of instructors. By such means depravity would

be shorn of its incentives, and allured into better courses. Ignorance would disappear, and evil be mitigated; and the final result would be that "merrie England" would not only be merry but wise—"a consummation devoutly to be wished."

### ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

The past month has been one of the brightest in the annals of opera. In no country in Europe has a succession of such brilliant novelties been produced within so brief a period, or on a scale of such surpassing grandeur. The mightiest works of the mightiest masters have been put upon the stage in all their integrity, and interpreted by vocalists whose names are resounding through the world. They have been supported by choruses and an orchestra unmatched in any musical establishment on the face of the earth; and the whole produced in a style of splendour, and with an attention to the *mise en scene* that we have for many a season past hopelessly desired to witness. In the beginning of the month Donizetti's *Lucrezia Borgia* was represented, for the purpose of once more introducing Grisi as Lucretia; a part in which the distinguished *prima donna* is unrivalled. Never did we witness a more marvellous display of acting or a more matchless one of singing. It was one of the most powerful lyric achievements on record. From first to last it was a succession of vividly-brilliant dramatic effects; and the mighty force with which she illustrated the terrible incidents of the catastrophe exceeded every former effort of the kind. The youth Orsino was represented by Mdle. Angri with great energy and fire. We never saw this accomplished contralto to better advantage, and the gay vivacity with which she gave the drinking song, "Il segreto," has added much to our former opinion of her merits. Her qualifications, both vocal and histrionic, are bringing her into rapid favour. Mario's Gennaro was unapproachable as an instance of lyrical excellence; his refinement and pathos were beyond description. Tamburini, Tagliafico, and Polonini were also in excellent voice, and the chorus of masks was strengthened by the co-operation of a military band. The Queen and consort were present.

The next great attraction was Grisi's first appearance this season as Norma. The house was crammed on the occasion, and urged by that emulation which is ever the concomitant of true genius, the fair *cantatrice* seemed actually inspired in her portraiture of the character. Corbari's Adalgisa was pleasing, and in the "Deh! con te" she sang with such care as to be called for, with Grisi, to receive the tribute of admiration. Marini, as Orovoso, and Salvi, as Pollio, each exerted themselves to the high satisfaction of the audience. After this, Meyerbeer's *Roberto il Diavolo* was produced for the first time in this country in full entirety; and it was intended, to rival the fame acquired by Jenny Lind in that opera, that Catherine Hayes should sustain the part of Alice, in which it was affirmed she would prove herself matchless. Unfortunately the vocalist was seized with sudden indisposition, and the management sent to the Queen, who had signified her intention of being present, with an offer to substitute something else. Her Majesty, however, declined acceding, and the part was undertaken at a few hours' notice by Madame Dorus Gras, who acquitted herself, both as an actress and a vocalist, with a degree of ability truly astonishing under the circumstances. Marini's Bertram was not one of his happiest efforts. The Rambaldo of Signor Lavia was exceedingly good; as was also the Roberto of Signor Salvi. Mdle. Corbari was the Princess, and acquitted herself with much talent. The opera was put upon the stage in the most perfect style, and every effect produced with a finish that was faultless. The far-famed resuscitation scene was one of the grandest and most beautiful things we ever witnessed, and excited by its splendour the most enthusiastic applause. We fear, however, that the great length of the opera proved too fatiguing for the patience of numbers. It lasted five hours; but her Majesty, and greater part of the audience, retired before its conclusion.

We have next to record the engagement for six farewell nights of Madame Persiani. She appeared in Mozart's *Don Giovanni*, the cast of which comprised the names of Grisi, Corbari, and Persiani; Signor Mario, Signor Tamburini, Signor Tagliafico, Signor Polonini, and Signor Marini, who appeared for the first time in England as Leporello. With such a splendid array of talent, it is not surprising that this noble composition was interpreted with masterly power, and kept the audience in a state of enthusiasm throughout. An engagement was now effected with Mr. Sims Reeves, the greatest tenor of the day; and we cannot too highly commend the proprietor for a stroke of such excellent management. He made his *début* as Elvino, in *La Sonnambula*, and never did we hear the delicious music of that favourite opera more magnificently interpreted. The con-

sciousness that he moved in a hemisphere of stars seemed to call forth his highest powers, and the audience became absolutely electrified. Everything he sang was encored, and he was called for at the close and received with acclamations.

The next great effort of the management was the production of Meyerbeer's *chef d'œuvre*, *Les Huguenots*, without the mutilation of a single passage or the omission of a single note. The garbled manner in which it has hitherto been placed before an English audience rendered the whole musical world desirous of witnessing it, and drew one of the greatest houses of the season. The cast was the most powerful ever collected within the walls of a theatre for the support of one piece, and embraced every distinguished name in the establishment; comprising no less than four *prima donnas*, and the two finest tenors in the world. Madame Grisi was the Valentina, Madame Dorus Gras was the Margarita di Valois, Madame Bellini was the Dama d'Onore, and Mdlle. Angri the Urbano, Signor Mario was the Raul di Nangis, and, in order to render the cast complete, Mr. Sims Reeves had the liberality to allow his name to be placed in the bills as the Huguenot Soldier, that the couplets in the Rataplan in the second act might be interpreted with due effect; and never, perhaps, were they so sung. His execution was wonderful; and even when the mighty chorus of a hundred voices was being raised to the thunders of a numerous orchestra, the clear, sweet, and resonant notes of Sims Reeves were as distinctly discerned as would be a cornet-à-piston amongst a band of stringed instruments. Tagliafico was the Conte di San Bris, M. Massol the Conte di Navera, Luigi Mei the De Cosse, and Signora Lavia, Polonini, Soldi, Talamo, and Marini supported the several characters of Tavaunes, De Retz, Meru, Maurevert (Capitano della Guardia), and Marcello. Of the interpretation by such *artistes* of this noble opera it is wholly unnecessary to speak. The execution throughout was one blaze of vocal and instrumental splendour. The manner in which the chorus is used throughout the full five acts of this musical tragedy distinguishes it from most operas. The plot of the drama is absolutely unfolded, not by recitatives and arias, but by the most elaborate concerted pieces; hence an ineffective chorus would mar the whole; but on this occasion the chorus sung with the unity and precision of one voice. Another fine feature in this masterpiece of composition is the powerful contrast of music allotted to the characters belonging to the two adverse religious parties. A famous example of this is the splendid opening scene of the third act, in which the Protestant and Catholic parties are assembled before the *carbaret*, and where the chorus of Huguenot soldiers is blended with the pious hymn of the female pilgrims. This told with great effect. The whole of the fourth act was one series of triumph, and the celebrated *poignard* scene elicited a torrent of acclamations. In short, the entire performance will be memorable as long as opera lasts, and may be pronounced the great musical achievement of this country.

On Saturday last *The Huguenots* was to have been repeated, but owing to the "sudden indisposition" of Marini, the *Lucrezia Borgia* was substituted, and an act of *La Sonnambula*; Madame Persiani having consented to appear on an additional night. Sims Reeves was again the Elvino, and each received a renewal of the applause they had elicited on the first representation of that opera.

### DRURY LANE—THE GERMAN OPERA.

The interpretation of native song by native singers is always a desideratum; and although we could wish to see it carried into effect with regard to our own music, we cannot find fault with Continental *artistes* who give us an opportunity of properly appreciating the merits of their composers. If we do not give encouragement to the performers of our own land it is not the fault of foreign professors. Our own wish would be to support a national opera from every country of musical eminence; but equity demands that our own vocalists should not be neglected. Never shall we cease to agitate this question until we have roused the public to a sense of its importance, and induced the adoption of measures for the establishment of an English school of song. We must be the most musical people in the world, otherwise we should not be able to support the largest opera house on the face of the globe, with three or four additional establishments, the extent and magnificence of which surpass anything in France, Germany, or Italy. Our remuneration of imported talent is tenfold the amount it receives abroad, while the success of no vocalist or composer is fully confirmed until England has bestowed her fiat. Such being the fact, it is inglorious to persevere in the apathy to which we allude; but we have reasons for believing that things will shortly amend. In the meantime, it is our bounden duty to bestow the merited meed on talent wherever it

is to be found. The German company is a welcome addition to our operatic recreations; and though it has ostensibly only opened for twelve nights we shall not be at all surprised, from the patronage it has received, if the term of its stay be not prolonged. The opening piece was not a fortunate selection, although twice represented. It was the *Das Nachtlager in Granada* of Conradin Kreutzer, whose merits as a composer are not of the most distinguished order, while the plot of the libretto is of that class which belongs to our subordinate minor establishments. A prince *incog.* puts up at a nest of robbers, where his life is attempted, but saved through the courage of his host's daughter, whom the prince bestows in reward upon the object of her own choice. It will be seen that the story affords no scope for the expression of the loftier passions, and it is therefore unnecessary to be particularly minute respecting it. The company has been well selected, and has been brought from Amsterdam. The orchestra and choruses are perfect. The *troupe* comprises the names of Herr Pischek, Herr Erl, first tenor of the Imperial Opera of Vienna, Herr Kùchler, Herr Stepan, Mdle. Romani, principal singer from the German Opera of Amsterdam, and Made. Marlow, *prima donna* of the Grand Opera of Darmstadt. We will not say that no better talent is procurable, but we can afford them a high testimonial to their merits. The national anthem was most admirably sung by the entire company, all the ladies appearing in white dresses, in compliment to the occasion. The most successful pieces of the evening were "I am a hunter in the regent's pay," by Herr Pischek, which was enthusiastically encored. Two choruses received the same honour; these were "Sweet the sound of evening bells," and "When he sees by night embraced." A scena introduced for the chorus of huntsmen in the last act will become popular. It is entitled "Die nacht ist schon" (The night is beautiful), and consists of a *cabaletto* with a violin *obligato*, played and sung in masterly style. "But do I hear aright?" an aria for the tenor, is another composition worthy of notice, and was re-demanded, but not repeated. The last piece of music, "Sunder not the ties of love," a trio, was the best in the opera, and was interpreted with brilliant effect by Mdle. Marlow (the Gabrielle), Herr Pischek, and Herr Erl, who were all called before the curtain.

Oh Friday, the 11th, *The Night in Granada* was repeated; but owing to the sudden illness of Herr Pischek his part of the Huntsman was represented by Herr Stepan, a baritone from Wiesbaden, with a success deserving of the highest credit. On Wednesday, the 16th, Weber's magnificent opera of *Der Freischütz* was produced in its full integrity, and was honoured by the attendance of Her Majesty. The cast was as follows:—Otto-kar, Herr Kùchler; Cuno, Herr Breuer; Agathe, Mdle. Romani; Annchen, Mad. Marlow; Caspar, Herr Stepan; Max, Herr Erl; Kilian, Herr Nerger; Hermit, Herr Herrmans; and Zamiel, by Herr Doring.

Of the choruses it is impossible to speak in terms too eulogistic, they were rendered with a precision and a power that have rarely been surpassed, and elicited loud and prolonged applause. The laughing chorus was unanimously encored, as was also the famous hunting chorus. The drinking song of Caspar met with merited approbation, and all the pieces interpreted by Madame Marlow and Madlle. Romani were most successful. The famous incantation scene and the entire performance created general satisfaction. We cannot speak too highly of Herr Doring's Zamiel, which was delivered with a peculiarity of voice—something between a shriek of demoniacal laughter and a yell of fury—far more effective than the thorough bass in which he has been wont to speak; there was something terrible and unearthly in the sound highly suited to the occasion. The success of the opera was so great that its repetition has since been announced.

The next production of importance was the glorious *Fidelio* of Beethoven; this, like *Der Freischütz*, had not been represented in London for eight years, a vast amount of interest was consequently felt in the revival; few operas are calculated to make a deeper impression. The piece was well cast, and the chorus, as usual, most efficient. Madlle. Walther, first singer from the Imperial Theatre of Cassel, and to his Majesty the King of Wùrtemberg, was the *Fidelio*, and Madlle. Babnigg, from the Grand Opera of Hamburg, Marcellina. Rocque found an effective representative in Herr Breuer; while the short part of Florestan was made the most of by Herr Erl. Previous to the opera the atrocious attempt on the life of her Majesty having been made known the national anthem was demanded, and sung with loud applause. The opening duetto "Jetzt, schätzchen, jetzt sind wir allein," between Marcellina and Jacquino, (Herr Nerger); but we could not say much for her aria "O war' ich schon mit dir vereint," which was but indifferently received. The quartette beginning "Mir ist so wunderbar," was charmingly interpreted by Madlles. Walther and Babnigg, and Herr Erl and Herr Breuer; the excellence of their voices, the diapason of their tones, and the beauty of the music itself, created a feeling

little short of enthusiasm. Madlle. Walther possesses pleasing features, with a form of the utmost symmetry; she has a good voice, and is an effective actress. Brouer's aria "Flat man nicht auch Geld daneben," after which, the recitative and aria "Abscheulicher ur eilst du bin?" and "Komm Hoffnung lass den letzten Stern," by Walther, were magnificently sung; the prolongation and sweetness of some of her notes reminding us of *artistes* with whose powers we have been longer acquainted. The celebrated chorus of prisoners met with the usual encore, and was very finely rendered; after this the opera flagged a little until the scene where Leonora is occupied in digging her husband's grave, when a new spirit seemed to animate the company, and the quartetto "Er sterbe! doch er soll erst wissen," was given in a style that will not soon be forgotten. The finale and chorus "All hail the day!" ("Keil sey dem tag!") brought down the curtain with loud manifestations of delight, and the principal performers were called for.

### ST. JAMES'S.—OPERA COMIQUE.

Native enterprise and Gallican talent have conduced during the month, in spite of the powerful counter-attractions of one German and two Italian Operas, to keep the St. James's on the footing of success and witness a nightly flow of visitors. The opening of the month was distinguished by the production of Herold's *Le Pré aux Clercs*, an event which we announced in our last. Up to the present year it has been the fashion in the production of foreign operas to treat the composers without any ceremony, and make all sorts of curtailments, according to the dictation of whim or exigency, or of the caprice or self-interest of a principal singer. But during the present season a new custom has arisen, and we have had the good fortune of seeing the best works presented at the various opera houses in full integrity, without the smallest mutilation. This was the case with *Le Pré aux Clercs*, which was not only supported by the full strength of the company but the music given in a complete form. The characteristic beauty of the latter and the superiority of the former, together with the perfection of the *mise en scene*, entailed for the piece that amplitude of success which was no doubt anticipated. The plot consists of a series of simple incidents wove into sufficient complexity to keep attention alive without wearying it:—A young and wealthy lady of rank, named Isabella, and who is supported by the charming Charton, quits her Bearnese home for the lively court of Margaret of Navarre, where her loveliness of person and still more weighty charms of purse speedily surround her with a cordon of the aspiring youth amid the nobility, the chief of whom is the impetuous Comminge, to which Couderc imparted that finished histrionic excellence which belongs to all his impersonations. Comminge is countenanced by the king, but the lady herself prefers Mergy, a Bearnese gentleman, sustained by M. Octave, the octaves of whose voice has given such celebrity to his name, and whose acting in the proud impetuous lover, who will not even have the name of his lady-love, profaned by other lips than his own, was in the best style of excellence. In the manoeuvres of these rivals the interest of the drama is made to consist; while a charming little under-plot gives relief and finish to the picture. The true lovers are, of course, eventually united, and the *dénouement* taking place on the well-known spot named *Pré aux Clercs*, gives the title to the piece.

It is impossible to speak too highly of the style in which the beautiful airs with which this opera is sprinkled were rendered by the *artistes* to whom they were entrusted. Most of the music is as familiar to this country as household tunes, but its tender, expressive, and sprightly character will always render it welcome. The general accompaniments and concerted pieces are also of the most pleasing character. Charton acted with her customary grace and *naïvete*, and imparted to her grand air at the commencement of the second act, "O jours d'innocence," a finish that called forth enthusiastic applause. In the first act she was *encored* in the "Souvenirs du jeune age" ("Remembrances of youthful days"), an air which may be termed the "Home, sweet home," of France. In her *trio* with Mergy and Marguerite in the third act she displayed to the full that exquisite winning grace to which she owed her popularity in Brussels and Paris. M. Octave exerted his sweet voice throughout with equal effect, and in his usual correct style. His "O ma tendre amie," was a finished expression of feeling. In the concerted pieces his voice was like a flute breathed amid the rattle of an orchestra. The band and chorus supported the principal characters with excellent effect. Her Majesty and Prince Albert were present, and both honoured the performance with marked approval. The success of the opera was carried so far into the month that the remainder of the period has been principally occupied by revivals, amongst which the most prominent have been the delightful



*Fra Diavolo*, and Nicolo's opera comique, *Les Rendezvous Bourgeois*, in which M. Zelger supported Cesar with his usual excellence, and Couderc sustained his celebrity as Charles—the Julie was Madlle. Guichard. *Les Diamans de la Couronne* has likewise been represented for the last time this season. An exceedingly entertaining opera, by Boissot, has also been produced with perfect success; it is entitled, *Ne Touchez pas à la Reine*, and supported by the talents of Charton, Couderc, and Zelger. We cannot commend Mr. Mitchell too highly for the rapidity with which he thus keeps a constant change before the public, nor for the manner in which he regulates promptitude by the exercise of care. *Le Domino Noir* was the principal revival of last week, and drew the usual fashionable attendance.

### SURREY.

Nothing is more evident than that tastes may be created as well as revived and cultivated. Mr. Shepherd has accomplished the task at the Surrey Theatre, and thus established the fact. A more hopeless locality did not exist; the vulgarity of a Surrey audience became proverbial: manager after manager attempted to re-establish it on the old system, but none succeeded; and as failure followed failure, the house sunk deeper and deeper into the depths of degradation. Where reform is really intended no condition can be more advantageous for the prospects of a manager than such as we have described, unless he enters an establishment in the full tide of success; and even then he is not likely to tread so closely in the steps of his predecessor as to keep the same pathway to preferment.

With the way in which Mr. Shepherd has mastered the difficulties of management we have already made the public acquainted; but it is impossible to express in adequate terms our gratification at the efforts with which, during the past month, he has made the duplex movement of advancing the prosperity of his establishment, and at the same time catering for the elevated taste he has himself created on the Surrey side of the Thames. Nothing could have been more judiciously arranged; he foresaw that a leap from one extreme to the other would be unadvisable as well as impolitic; and he has, consequently, by blending the legitimate with the melodramatic schools of drama, banquetted for each variety of taste, and gradually prepared the way for a dramatic era south of the Thames as unprecedented as it will prove beneficial to the future interests of the stage. In addition to this, he has engaged *artistes* worthy of supporting the first-class productions of genius, and hence a visitor to the Surrey may not only feel assured of witnessing a good specimen of dramatic literature, but of seeing it supported by a degree of talent hitherto foreign to any minor theatre in London. The leading novelties of the month have been the appearance of Mr. Anderson and Mrs. Warner, in Sheridan Knowles's charming comedy of *Love*, Serjeant Talfourd's *Ion*, and Sir E. L. B. Lytton's never-failing play of *The Lady of Lyons*. To detail the romantic incidents on which each production is founded would be an idle waste of space, as the merits of each are universally known. They are works which rank with those already numbered in the scrolls of immortality; and though they will ever be new and fresh to the spectator, they will always be too familiar to the student of Thespian art to render a synopsis of their leading incidents essential. How they were represented, is answered by the names Anderson and Warner; than whom the stage can boast of few brighter ornaments. The first retains all the fire and freshness which, under the reign of Madame Vestris, at Covent Garden, rendered his *Huon* so popular, and established his fame as a leading actor; whilst the second, imbued with the native dignity that gives a lasting grace to the deportment, preserves the elastic step of youth and the sweetness of early womanhood with so much art that she is ever young and ever charming. Her Pauline Deschappelles was only second to the Claude Melnotte of Mr. Anderson. *Macbeth*, *Othello*, and other of Shakespeare's plays have also been represented to give effect to the talents of these *artistes*.

In addition to the popularities mentioned, a new melo-drama of considerable merit, entitled *Sunshine and Shade*, has been produced with deserved success. The plot is founded on mistaken identity in a charge of murder; the daughter of the innocent accused offering her hand to the guilty accuser provided he will withdraw the charge that is to bring her parent to the scaffold. The usual *denouement*, however, ensues, and the supposed murdered man comes to life in time to save the guiltless, to punish the true criminal, and restore the deserving to a state of bliss. This description of domestic drama will always be popular, affording as it does an opening for the display of those touches of

nature which are as fresh to each successive generation as if the subject had never before been treated. Mr. Emery, as Farmer Hawthorn; Mr. Shepherd, as Frank Manley; Mr. Raymond, as Donald Black; and Messrs. H. Widdicomb and Rogers, as a country constable and a rural vagabond, were all admirable in the conception and development of their various characters; whilst the Mary Hawthorn of Madame Ponlai was one of the best of that lady's performances. The other novelties of the month have been Mark Lemon's drama, founded on Hood's "Song of The Shirt," and entitled *The Sempstresses*, in which the entire strength of the company has been brought to bear; and also a *petite farce*, of a laughable character, entitled *Milliners and Life Guardsmen; or Sophia's Supper*. *The Honeymoon* has been also well got up; and thus, since our last, the programmes of this theatre have presented from beginning to end one unbroken line of novelty and attraction. The applause of crowded houses has nightly rewarded the manager for his zeal.

On Monday last, being Whit-Monday, the enterprising manager absolutely startled the town, by announcing the engagement of the fascinating and unrivalled Mrs. Nisbett, and of her sister, Miss Jane Mordaunt, to support the characters of Constance and Lydia, in Sheridan Knowles's celebrated comedy of *The Love Chase*, in which the lessee himself supports Master Wildrake. Another engagement has likewise been made, with Misses Louise and Therese Cushnie, from the Royal Italian Opera House. In addition to these attractions a new melo-drama, in three acts, from the pen of Mr. Edward Stirling, was produced with great splendour, and assisted in filling the house from the pit to the ceiling. Mrs. Nisbett and Miss Mordaunt were received with acclamations, and the piece experienced the most decided success.

### MARYLEBONE.

Mr. Watts, with his accustomed spirit, has once more entered the field of legitimacy, and during the month has again offered oblations at the altars of the legitimate drama. We congratulate the public upon the principles of management by which our suburban lessees are actuated, and owing to which the classic stage is being preserved from utter oblivion. The production to which we are now alluding is that of *Virginia*, adapted from Latour's work of the same name, by W. Oxenford, who has on more than one recent occasion displayed a similar affection for classic subjects. The point of Roman history on which it is founded is familiar to all, and has also been frequently treated by the dramatist. Mr. Sheridan Knowles made it the plot of his famous tragedy of *Virginia*, and it has also formed the theme of several melodramas, but none have treated it with the force of the author of *William Tell*. Mr. Oxenford has, however, exemplified much masterly ability in the way in which he has turned the dramatic situations of his original to account, and infused the spirit of his own genius into the verbosity of the French poet. In the conduct of the story there is little departure from history; Icilius is, however, not introduced at all, which leaves Virginia to the expression of filial love alone, and concentrates the powers of the actress upon that one passion. This may be conducive to intensity of effect, but we think it calculated to narrow the circle of interest. Mrs. Mowatt was the Virginia, and we must do her the justice to say that it was a most perfect piece of acting; natural but artistical, an ideality founded on truth, and shadowing forth a young and innocent woman as she ought to be, and as the fond imaginings of the poet have painted her. In some passages her conceptions were exquisite; affection, pathos, horror, and despair, were in turns portrayed with unusual power, and by their contrast presented a specimen of histrionic art surpassing any before exhibited by that actress. Her description to her father of the horrors she experienced when passing the night at the house of Appius Claudius was her best effort, and elicited deserved applause. The fame of the renowned Rachel in the original was, no doubt, a great stimulus to exertion. Mr. Davenport made an admirable Virginus, and, with Mrs. Mowatt, was summoned before the curtain on its descent. We must not omit to speak of the Appius Claudius of Mr. James Johnstone, and the Fausta of Miss S. Villars, to each of which was imparted a degree of interest that we do not think had ever been contemplated by the author. The success of the piece, and the manner in which it has been placed upon the stage will ensure it a long run.

In the early part of the month Mr. B. Barnett concluded his engagement by taking his first benefit; he selected for the occasion *Virginia*, *Monsieur Jacques*, and *The Station House*, which produced a bumper; he will, we understand, take a speedy tour through the provinces. Another attraction of the month has been a farce of the broadest humour,

entitled *It's only my Aunt*. The materials are of gossamer slowness, which the breath of criticism would blow away; all we shall therefore say is, that it went off with *éclat*, and was capitally supported by Messrs. Cooke, Wheatley, Herbert, and Saunders, as Sir Felix, Colonel Hunter, Oliver, and Jeremiah. *The Rent Day* has also been played, the leading talent of the theatre lending its aid towards success; and, in short, every effort that managerial skill could call into requisition, has been applied by Mr. Watts to preserve the reputation his theatre has acquired.

### POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.

It is impossible to visit this seat of science and temple of art without some change having been effected to render the stay both profitable and pleasing. In anticipation of the Whitsun holidays every acquisition that ingenuity or enterprise could effect has been made to this hall of wonders. Models of every description of machinery have been added in prodigal profusion. Dr. Bachhoffner's lecture on artificial light is now illustrated by new experiments, and the display each evening, in juxtaposition, of the electric, buide, and oxy-hydrogen lights, is more interesting and brilliant than ever. The old attractions of the microscope, the diver and his bell, the dissolving views, and the chromatope, remain as popular as before. In the lecture department, Mr. James Russell, so celebrated in the histrionic world, has been engaged to deliver his far-famed expositions of the immortal Shakespeare, and it is truly delightful to witness the crowds who flock to hear him. It evinces the existence of a taste that only needs cultivation to produce good fruit. We hail with gladness the era which this improvement in our countrymen announces to be at hand. Mr. Russell has undertaken a great task, but he has abilities for its fulfilment; and well and manfully does he exert them. A person entirely ignorant of the existence of Shakespeare would, after attending one of these discourses, not only be enabled to comprehend the genius of the great bard, but would become imbued with admiration of his powers, and a considerable degree of information respecting his works.

### CREMORNE GARDENS.

These truly-delightful promenades for the summer have opened during the month, but the state of the weather has hitherto disabled us from forming a proper judgment of its full attractions—we must consequently forbear a description of what we have not yet seen to full advantage. Thus far we can say—that when fine weather does enable Mr. Ellis to give full effect to the splendours he has prepared, the public will be sure to witness a scene little inferior to any in the regions of Tivoli itself. The principal features are a new promenade *à la Versailles*, the shanty, or log hut, of an emigrant, various classical *tableaux*, the splendid quadrille and Cremorne brass bands, with the illuminations and fireworks for which Cremorne is so highly celebrated; we know of no place where a sunny day may be spent more pleasantly, or a summer night with greater gratification. On Whit-Monday the glories of Ranelagh were revived, and the visitors presented with a representation for the first time of a grand military spectacle depicting of the storming of Mooltan. In the concert room was produced a new *ballet d'action*, entitled *The Mystic Branch; or Norah, the Pride of Kildare*. Another novelty was also introduced in the persons of the Marchioness Alamode, Count Lilliput, and Sir Jeffrey Hudson, three Danish dwarfs of exceedingly diminutive stature and very attractive manners. Bateman, the American mimic, gave an entertainment entitled "A Quarter of an Hour with Brother Jonathan," and exhibited his musical talents on several instruments. T. and H. Elliot, the famous globe dancers, also exhibited their wonderful *feats* with their *feet*. Monsieur Pascal executed several surprising performances on a ladder fifteen feet in height, and was greatly applauded. In short, the entertainments were of the best character, and passed off with the utmost *éclat*. The arrangements of the place are beyond all precedent, consisting of Swiss cottages, waterfalls, Arcadian groves, grottos, *jets d'eau*, statuary, maze, and every other description of ornament calculated to adorn this agreeable resort.

## M. JULLIEN'S CONCERT MONSTRE AND CONGRES MUSICAL.

EXETER HALL.

Everything—from a panorama to a concert—is now conducted on the “*monstre*” system; but of all things yet introduced, nothing has been found to equal the gigantic undertaking announced to take place at Exeter Hall by the well-known M. Jullien. This is no less than a congress of musical talent from every European nation. The project is unprecedented; and for vastness and grandeur is worthy the professor who has conceived it. We have always advocated the principle that whatever has utility for its cardinal point is worthy of support; and the enterprise in question is calculated to be of use in so many different ways that we should depart from our own views were we not to afford it all the support it demands. In the first place, its magnitude and magnificence will sweep into insignificance the pretensions of certain interlopers who have recently endeavoured to thrust a band of Continental musicians athwart the interests of native talent. In the second place, by bringing English and foreign talent into competition on the same spot, it will enable the world to perceive that though our islanders may be equalled, they are not to be excelled. Thirdly, it will give profitable employment to men of all nations. In the fourth place, it will serve to cement the bonds between proficients of different countries; and, lastly, it will be a gigantic step towards the consummation of the darling object of our advocacy—namely, the improvement of a taste for music in the British empire.

A series of concerts was given on a similar plan at Paris in the year 1838, but on nothing like so levithan a scale. Let the reader judge for himself when we inform him that M. Jullien announces the engagement of no less than four hundred instrumentalists; three distinct choruses, and three distinct military bands belonging to the Guards. Amongst the first we find the name of Ernst, the celebrated violinist; Herr Molique, Kapel Meister to his Majesty the King of Wurtemberg; Joseph Joachim, the eminent violinist; M. Sainton, the solo violinist to her Majesty Queen Victoria; Theodore Fliersham; Mr. Blagrove, a countryman of our own, whose fame stands as high as those just named; M. Vivier, the French-horn player, who has already rendered his talents indispensable to the musical world; together with Charles Halle, Herr Schüloff, and M. Alexandre Billet, the three renowned and classical pianists. The vocalists will comprise Mr. Sims Reeves, our own mighty and gifted tenor, who will give his powerful assistance throughout the six nights of the series. With him will appear Herr Fischek, the German barytone, who intends introducing several dramatic songs of great interest; and, to crown the list, and prove the patriotic feeling of M. Jullien towards his adopted country, an engagement has been also effected with Mr. Braham, the father of English song. With these we find the attractive and popular names of the Misses Lecombe, Birch, Poole, Dolby, and Miran, all warblers of our native soil. These will form a sisterhood in song with: Madame Anna Thillon, *prima donna* of the Opera Comique; Madlle. Jetty Trefz, the cantatrice, whose characteristic *lieder* have already rendered her so eminent; and Madlle. Nau, of almost equal celebrity; Madame Macfarren, wife of the celebrated composer, will also give her valuable aid. The three distinct choruses will consist—first, of a select chorus of English professionals; second, of a band of Hungarian singers; and, third, of the admirable German chorus, of whose efforts at Drury Lane we have spoken so highly. The military bands will consist of the Band of the Horse Guards (Blue), directed by Mr. Tutton; the Band of the Life Guards, under the direction of Mr. Waddell; and the Band of the Coldstream Guards, under the direction of Mr. Godfrey.

We now come to the general instrumentalists already engaged, and we furnish their names with true feelings of pride at the preponderance of English names over those of all the Continental countries combined. Each one is known and celebrated in his department, and the calendar will form some idea of the amount of talent which the people of a wealthy nation can afford to congregate in a single metropolis. It consists of Messrs. Adeock, Crozier, Jacquin, Reed, Addy, Dawson, Jarrett, Renshaw, Alept, Day, Jennings, Reynolds, Antoine, Davenport, Jepp, Rice, Angail, G. Davis, Jordan, Ringles, Anderson, Dabiel, Johnstone, Robertshaw, Anglois, Davis, Kelly, Rochester, Arban, W. Davis, Kielbach, Rossier, T. Baker, Daniels, Keightley, Rotige, Band, Davis, A. J., and W. Keightley, C. Barrett, Baldwin, Dean, Doyle, Rowland, Rushforth, Sapinski, Baumann, Dolland, King, Saunders, W. H. Barrett, Earnshaw, Koenig and A. Koenig, H. Seabrook, Seaman, Barrett, Fairleigh, Kreutzer, Seymour, Bezeth, Fisher, Larkin, Schmidt, Betts, Gang and A. Gang, Lawrence, Sharp, Berry, Lazarus,

Shearon, Beeho, Geoffrie, J. Loder, Simmons, H., W., and R. Blagrove, Gibbs, Gibbs, Giles, D. and F. Godfrey, Boileau, Mapleson, Maycock, Michael, Smith, Sonnenberg, Stander, Borini, Gough, Middleditch, Stephan, Boden, Griesbach, McGill, Stephens, Brook, Grist, Mori, Stephenson, Bradley, Green, Mount, Streather, Burton, Nadaud, Suppus, Buckingham, Gray, Patey, Taylor, Carrington, Guy, Packer, Thirlwall, Case, Harper, A. and J. Park, Thompson, Hausmann, Casolani, Harroway, Pawney, Calkin, Harvey, Pemberton, Titcome, Calkin, Hardy, Pfreyston, Tolbecque, Catchpole, Phasey, Trust, Piatti, Tull, Hayward, Wand, Champion, Pickart, Waney, Chapman, Healey, Piggott, Westrop, Pimlett, Webb, Chipp, Hill, Pindar, Cioffi, Horne, Platt, Wheatley, Cohen, Howell, Platts, Whittaker, Collinet, Hooper, Collett, Wilson, Collins, V., J., and G. Collins, Humfress, Horton, Hughes, Praeger, Prospere, Radford, Range, Wintle, Woods, Wright, Villain, Grattan Cooke, Ister, and Rawlings. Such a list is sufficient to take one's breath away; but when we are told there are more to come, the mind can scarcely conceive the possibility.

The first of these tremendous concerts will take place on the 1st of June, the day on which our present number will issue to the public; its principal features will be Felicien David's descriptive ode symphony "The Desert." Like the "Athalie," which recently created so much attention, it will be accompanied by illustrative verses declaimed by Mr. Vandenhoff, who has been engaged for that purpose; also the music in Meyerbeer's *Camp of Silesia*, in which Jenny Lind obtained her principal fame in Germany; in fact, the concerts will chiefly consist of the symphonies and overtures of the great masters, including Beethoven and Mozart. As one of the distinguishing marvels of this wonderful affair it may be mentioned that the prices for admission will be suitable for all ranks, varying from one shilling to ten-and-sixpence. We shall next month record the progress of this tremendous advance upon the concerts of our ancestors, which nothing could have enabled M. Jullien to achieve but the fortunate combination of circumstances which has placed the *elite* of four different operatic companies at his disposal, with the most accomplished of our own artistes, as well as our military bands. The world never witnessed such an *ensemble* before. The audience will display a similar singularity, as the numerous visitors which recent events have brought to this country from the different Continental courts will doubtless attend, and the entire affair will consequently form the most memorable epoch in the history of modern music.

### WEDNESDAY CONCERTS.

The motto of Mr. Stammers appears to be "Still beginning, never ending," for no sooner does he reach the *last* night of a series of concerts than he follows it with another *first* one; thus maintaining a cycle of song without end. In our last we announced the termination of the second series, and we have now to speak of the commencement of a third, which will extend to four evenings, and take place on every alternate Wednesday until they terminate. The opening night was on the 14th ult., and formed the twenty-fourth of the entire series. The announcements in the bills were fuller of attractions than on any former occasion, but we have seen the hall better attended. This, we think, may be attributed to the breaking up, as it were, of his season. We have already made the public acquainted with the fact that the programme was excellent. It contained the names of Sims Reeves, Herr Pischek, and Thalberg, besides those of other deserving favourites, including Misses Lucombe, Poole, Ellen Lyon, Rooke, and A. and M. Williams; Signor Bottesini and Harper also appeared, with Messrs. T. Williams, Binge, and Allan Irving. The most successful efforts of the evening were Balfe's song of "When other lips," the Scottish melody "My love is like the red, red rose," and "The Soldier's Dream;" all sung by Sims Reeves, to the unbounded delight of the audience. He likewise sung the duet with Herr Pischek of "Quando di sangue tinto," from Donizetti's opera of *Belisario*. Herr Pischek was also put down for the following songs: "The heart bowed down," by Balfe, and "My Heart's on the Rhine," by Speyer, with Lindpaintner's celebrated scena "The Standard Bearer." Thalberg gave his grand fantasia "Les Huguenots," and the fantasia "Don Pasquale," both in his usual inimitable style. The second concert took place on Wednesday last, and resumed the aspect of its predecessors, so that prosperity is destined again to mark the deserving career of an effort without precedent. The programme was full of attraction. We are glad to see the name of Miss Lucombe so constantly prominent in these charming *ré-unions*. Her celebrity nightly increases, and we have no doubt that she will fill a high position hereafter in the operatic world.



## HERR STRAUSS'S CONCERTS.

We expressed ourselves so fully in our last respecting Mr. Strauss, that we forbear a renewed statement of our sentiments; the programme he has issued since we unfavourably upon the egotistical character of his entertainment has, however, displayed a very small portion of the improvements we suggested to him to make. In our number for May we spoke of Mr. Strauss at the Hanover Square Rooms; we now have to record his appearance at Exeter Hall, where we did expect he would have deemed it necessary to give something approaching the excellence to which the public have lately been accustomed within the walls of that building, but, as usual, his own works formed the leading features. The first part of the concert was principally instrumental; it commenced with Rossini's overture to *La Gazza Ladra*, and was succeeded by Waitze's "Äther Träume" (Ethereal Dreams) by Strauss. The Misses A. and M. Williams then rendered very effectively Stephen Glover's "Two Forest Nymphs;" after which a grand march by Strauss, and known as the "Defiler," was performed by the band. Several ballads were introduced by Herr Stigelli, who has newly arrived in this country from the Theatre de La Scala at Milan; he is a tenor of moderate powers, and gained encouraging applause by his delivery of Schubert's "Der Nengierige." Another set of ballads was introduced by Madlle. Jetty Treffz, consisting of the "Ständchen," and Kücken's "Altes Liebes Lied." The first part concluded with "Fliegende Blätter" (Flying Leaves) of Strauss again. The principal pieces of the second part were Meyerbeer's overture to *The Camp of Silesia*, Spohr's duet of "Schönes Mädchen," sang by Madlle. Treffz and Herr Stigelli; the ballad of "Llewellyn's Bride," sung by George Barker; Strauss's (once more) caprice "The Carnival of Venice;" Glover's "Peaceful Nights," by the Misses Williams; and the "Die Schwalben" (The Swallow) of Strauss. The hall was not half filled, and the concert went off without any particular tokens of enthusiasm.

## OUR MUSICAL REVIEW.

R. ADDISON AND CO.

**PENELOPE AT HER TASK.** Music by Desenges. Words by W. H. Bellamy.—The above ballad is one which possesses in a musical point of view but little worth. The words, the idea of which is taken from Homer's "Odyssey," are exceedingly well adapted by Mr. Bellamy; they are but poorly expressed by the music. The ballad, however, possesses an unassuming simplicity which partially relieves its want of originality.

**QUATRO DUETTINI**, by the same author, are four vocal compositions in the Italian school; they possess the merits of being agreeably voiced, and contain some nice melody without extravagance. The lyrical portion is far beyond what we are in the habit of meeting with in productions of this class; they are metrical, euphonious, and we feel in perusing them that no words could more charmingly express the strains to which they are wedded. M. Desenges in these four duets evinces a fluent command of melody, and the parts are nicely harmonised and specially adapted for amateurs.

**FAR UP THE MOUNTAINS.** Music and words by George Linley.—The characteristic melody of this song recommends it, not less than its simple and musicianly treatment. It affords to the vocalist pleasing opportunities of displaying his or her abilities, while the accompaniment is rhythmical and agreeable. This song will by no means decrease the reputation which Mr. Linley has acquired for his many charming ballads.

**VESEVIUS POLKA.**—An adaptation of the "Market Chorus" from *Masaniello*, differing from it in the time, the one being taken in three quavers, the other in four. It is embellished by an excellent representation of the last scene of this opera, as lately given with such magnificent effect at Covent Garden; the colouring is good, and reflects great credit on the lithographer.

**THE SUNNY DREAMS OF CHILDHOOD.** By Edward Lamb. Written by J. Gill.—The admirers of Mr. Edward Lamb will derive great pleasure from this fresh and flowing melody. The feeling is natural, and the progressions are especial proof of the composer's true feeling for melody and musician-like qualities. We argue for this agreeable song an extended popularity.

J. WILLIAMS.

**THE FAIREST FLOWER.** The poetry by Edward Mordaunt Spencer, Esq. The music by Alexander Lee.—Notwithstanding the numberless songs by this composer which have achieved an almost undying fame, we much doubt whether he has ever been more happy in the invention of a melody or more graceful in its treatment than the above song. It is exceedingly graceful, facile of execution, and we have no doubt when known will be found on every pianoforte in the kingdom.

EWER AND CO.

**FOUR CHORAL SONGS FOR TREBLE, TENOR, AND BASS.** Composed by C. A. Macirone.—We recommend this collection as curious and highly characteristic. It commences with Shakspeare's, "Jog on, jog on the foot-path way," which occurs in his beautiful play of *A Winter's Tale*; and we cannot but compliment Mr. Macirone on the selection for his strains of words so calculated to enliven, when hummed, the wearisome walk of a tired wayfarer, and which conveys a truth and a lesson which every pedestrian ought to convert into a motto:—

"Jog on, jog on the foot-path way,  
And merrily hent the stile-a!  
Your merry heart goes all the day;  
Your sad tires in a mile-a."

The very words set the imagination afloat as to the description of air by which they should be characterised; and we must allow that the composer has hit upon the exact expression. It is just such a tune as the traveller would love to whistle or hum to

bring closer the mile-stones of his journey; and we doubt not it is destined to cheer many a tedious path, and convert more than one sad heart into a merry one. Triflingly abbreviated, the melody would become national, particularly in connection with the words.

The second is the "Spring Song" of Barry Cornwall, commencing—

"When the wind blows in the sweet rose tree,  
And the cow lows on the fragrant lea,  
And the stream flows so bright and free,  
'Tis not for me, 'tis not for me!"

This, like the former, is wedded to a vocal score as charming as it is characteristic, and is followed by the old ballad "Ragged, and Torne, and True," a song celebrated for the sentiments it conveys, and which is here nicely voiced for convivial parties. The harmony is pleasant without being crude.

"Oh, Sweet Content." This completes the set. The words are from the pleasant comedie of *Patient Grisill*, and are well known. The air is soft and charming; and the introduction of the counterpoint, in the line commencing "work a-pace a-pace" has a most happy effect. It is suited for four voices, and partakes much of the character of the cantata.

MORNING. LIE DOWN, SAD SOUL. NOW THOU ART FAR. Three songs, composed by Charles Edward Horsley.—These elegant and musician-like compositions are highly suitable for the family concert. The words of the first are anonymous, but deserve quotation for their merit. They are as follows:—

"Up! quit thy bow'r,  
Late wears the hour,  
Long have the rooks caw'd round the tow'r;  
On flow'r and tree  
Loud hums the bee,  
The wilding kid sports merrily:  
A day so bright,  
So fresh, so clear,  
Shineth when good fortune's near.  
Up, lady up, and braid thy hair,  
And rouse thee in the breezy air;  
The lulling stream  
That soothes thy dream,  
Is dancing in the sunny beam;  
And hours so sweet,  
So bright, so gay,  
Will waft good fortune on their way.  
Up! time will tell  
The friars' bell  
Its service-sound hath chimed well.  
The aged crone  
Keeps house alone,  
And reapers to the field are gone:  
The active day,  
So boon and bright,  
May bring good fortune ere the night."

It will be seen that the words resemble those which were wont to captivate the lighter fancies of Mendelssohn, and we fear that Mr. Horsley has essayed their composition in too much the spirit of that composer to be original—however, it deserves praise. The second is a composition to words by Barry Cornwall, beginning in D minor and ending in D major, which has a very pleasing effect. The tenderness and melancholy of the melody are admirably suitable to the words. "Now thou art far" is the last and least of the series. The song is from the German of E. Geibel. The first verse is smooth and charming enough, but the latter one fails to create the same pleasing effects, as the harmonies are rather crude and harsh. The passage which occurs on the words "For no one ever felt the love, the love I feel for thee," is beautiful and impassioned; but the crudity of the close has an effect so disagreeable as to destroy the impression.

## LITERARY MIRROR.

**THE FAIRFAX CORRESPONDENCE: Civil Wars.** Edited by Robert Bell. Bentley: 1849.

We noticed the former volumes of this correspondence, and spoke in terms of praise of the manner in which its editor had performed his task. The duty has in those before us fallen into the hands of Mr. Robert Bell, whose literary talents are already well known. We have expressed our opinion more than once of the value of works like the present, and of the particular one under observation, and therefore in this notice no more, perhaps, will be required of us than a word or two on the value and interest of the correspondence, and of the manner in which Mr. Bell has played the part of editor. The correspondence commences from January, 1642, when Charles I., the traitorous king of England, left Whitehall for Nottingham, where he set up his treasonous standard against liberty and justice. We trace the cruel and selfish monarch through the various scenes which followed, and are introduced to the most important personages who took part in the great drama of the revolution. Among these are Monk, the blackest villain that ever stained our history; Fairfax, who lived a life of honour, which he disgraced before his death; Cromwell, whose name is an honour to the country; Buckingham, whose life of infamy was closed by a deserved death; Fleetwood, Hugh Peter, Hammond, David Leslie, and Hutchinson. The correspondence carries us on to the dethronement, trial, and execution of the king, the rule of Cromwell, and the disgraceful night when the citizens of London, like so many intoxicated swine, kindled bonfires and howled their yells of joy at the treachery of Monk, and the restoration of a king who was, if such were possible, worse than his predecessor. Mr. Robert Bell with much ability and judgment supplies the links of the narrative and, in a word, proves his fitness for the task of editing so important a collection of documents.

**MEMOIRS OF PRINCE RUPERT AND THE CAVALIERS.** By Elliot Warburton. Bentley: 1849.

Where there is no expectation there can be no disappointment; we actually did look for something clever from Mr. Warburton, but sadly indeed are we disappointed. In the first place, what could our author have promised himself when he ventured to submit his three huge volumes to the world? Did he believe that the public would consent to suffer the infliction of such a mountain of rubbishy speculation, wandering over the History of England from fifty years before the birth of Prince Rupert in all directions, and without any purpose merely because Mr. Warburton wished to write a big book? It might have been tolerable, indeed, had the thing been well done, which it is not. The reader who peruses the first eighty pages of the first volume will at once perceive of what quality the work is. Such indescribable bombast it has never been our lot to see. Bad grammar; most unhappy attempts at brilliance; most laboured efforts at style; with a ludicrous sprinkling of epithets,—these, and not the subject on the title-page, make up the book.

Our author tells us that the "young ambition" of Rupert was to be laid in an English grave. He gives no explanation of this remark, but, many miles further, in this ponderous book we find that Rupert once swore that he wished, instead of going abroad, he could bury his bones in English soil—a most remarkable fact, truly. Our readers, however, will acknowledge Mr. Warburton's genius, when they come to see what happy use he makes of men "at once conquered and defeated," "of bloodhound discipline," "spawning demagogues," "fatal royalty," "fatal standards," "fatal follies," "brutal marquises," "drunken dukes," "famishing foxes," "stirring the iron in the blood," "martial dandling," "pantheistic walls," (!) "music of pewter pots," "sensual Protestant kings," and worse Catholics, with dastardly kings, and contradictions without number. Brave and magnanimous, royal martyr as he was, Charles I. is described as refusing to allow his sister a shilling, when she was in the deepest want. But to criticise Mr. Warburton's book as it should be criticised, would be to allot to it space and time, which it is not worth. We dismiss it, vexed that so much printing—so much paper—so much industry and, we cordially admit, some ability, should have been wasted. We

must, however, extend our pity to the author, who evidently believes himself impartial, able, and eloquent. It will, doubtless, hurt his feelings to find that the public will not agree with him. We can appreciate his grief at making this discovery, and recommend him to discard his affectation; his practice of "halting between two opinions," of describing a man as virtuous and generous and proving him mean and vile. He is undecided between a servile admiration of royalty, and a conviction that democracy is wisdom. We could pity him, if we cannot recommend his book, were it not for his scurrilous and indecent abuse of all the great and good men whose abilities and virtues shed lustre on the period referred to.

TRAVELS OF PRINCE ADALBERT OF RUSSIA IN THE SOUTH OF EUROPE AND IN BRAZIL; with a Voyage up the Amazon and Xingu. Translated by Sir Robert H. Schomburgk and John Edward Taylor. Bogue. 1849.

Prince Adalbert is an excellent traveller. He is enthusiastic, really fond of wandering, very intelligent, and possessed of an amiable disposition. Unlike most princes, he seems generous and modest—rare qualities indeed in German royalty! He tells us that one of his earliest desires was to make a long sea voyage; and that, having received permission, he started in May, 1842, and sailing past the green mountains of Aci, and the blue heights of Etna, and over the waters of the Gulf of Catania, he found himself in a fine vessel, anchored in that roadstead. We have an excellent and interesting narrative of his journey over the slopes of the fiery mountain, whose features and neighbourhood are described with much vigour, so as to bring forcibly to our minds the magnificent painting of Linton. We then accompany our good-natured and agreeable companion into the interior of the far-famed Alhambra, into the beautiful country around Granada, to the old rock of Gibraltar, whose magnificent fortifications were eyed with a somewhat critical eye by the traveller; who does not fail to inform us that he has studied the theory of defence and attack; of gunnery and sea battles. We then sail into the Bay of Cadiz, perambulate the town, and attend the revolting exhibition of a bull-fight, to which the gay scenes of the Alameda offer a pleasant contrast. Putting forth to sea again, Prince Adalbert pleases us with his description of the "long-extended, rugged, and rocky island of the Desertas," which, clothed in roseate hues by the setting sun, were seen by him at sunrise like "two colossal rubies" rising out of the dark blue ocean. From thence to Funchal, from thence to Teneriffe, and from thence to the Rio de Janeiro, where the travels assume a more novel and interesting character. We must not endeavour, however, to accompany him with any attempt at detail, through his wanderings. His journey up the Amazon and Xingu is one of the most adventurous and entertaining we ever remember to have seen narrated. The beautiful scenery, the wild manners of the uncivilised tribes, the singular aspect of nature on the banks of these rivers, are forcibly described, and chain us with their interest. We recommend those of our readers who regret the degeneracy of books of travel in the present day to read Prince Adalbert's volumes, which will amply reward the labour of perusal. They are excellent as a narrative of adventure, as a repository of valuable information, and as a description of curious and strange scenes, such as are only to be witnessed by energetic, adventurous travellers, in the category of whom we may place our author. We trust for his own credit that he wrote the book himself, which is probable, modest and well-written as it is, from the tone which pervades it. The translation has been ably and faithfully and, what is more, elegantly executed. We are glad to see foreign books of such real merit published in this country, and have to thank Mr. Bogue, for the spirited manner in which he has set the example of conferring upon the public the advantage of reading such an excellent work.

DRY LEAVES FROM YOUNG EGYPT. By an Ex-Political. Madden.

It is well known that a stronger connection than mere sympathy existed between that wise man of the Tower Hamlets, George Thompson, and his unfortunate friend of Sattara; Thompson, in fact, is a man ready to let his tongue out to the best bidder—and very right, too, seeing that his genius lies that way, and that he can do nothing cleverly, except telling what isn't exactly the case, which, as we must by all means be genteel, we say in lieu of something stronger. A good idea has occurred to us—railway royalty, like Continental royalty, is somewhat at a discount just now, and King Hudson having, like Louis Philippe and the rest of the crowned rabble of Europe, been shown up as anything but what he should be, we would give our friend Thompson a few kind hints. Couldn't he twist himself into the favour of the iron king?

But how to do it? Nothing could be easier for you, Mr. Thompson; your tongue is oily, your conscience does not trouble you much, you are friendly to most humbugs, and



therefore are—"What, however," says the reader, "has this to do with 'Dry Leaves from Young Egypt?'" That is a query which we can easily answer. The book suggested the remark about Thompson, and the defence of fraudulent humbug. The author seems to be a great admirer of the amirs of Sindh, we hope he will not be offended, but the amirs *have* agents, and if malicious people will allude to the unpleasant rumour it is no fault of ours. We would recommend the native princes of India, however, to seek a better advocate. The author of "Dry Leaves" has written a miserable, a mean, worthless, and contemptible book; his politics bear testimony to nothing but his utter ignorance and his extraordinary impertinence; we advise him to keep clear of them altogether. He has chosen a bad name to bestow upon his volume, bad arguments to fill it with, and his talent for writing is of the most mediocre kind. As a light, sketchy little book for amusement the thing would have been well enough; as it is, we can designate it in no other way than as wholly valueless, weak, and contemptible.

A TREATISE ON BENEFIT BUILDING SOCIETIES. By Arthur Scratchley, M.A. J. W. Parker. 1849.

Mr. Arthur Scratchley has to be thanked in two respects; first, for writing, with great industry, a book which has long been called for; and secondly, for writing it well. His work is complete. It deals with the whole rather than with any particular branch of the subject, elucidates it clearly, and renders the acquisition of a thorough knowledge of it as easy as it could be rendered. The writer, in his introductory remarks, observes that notwithstanding the important position now occupied by building societies, they are in few instances guided by such principles as would seem to hold out reasonable promise of success. He then sketches the history of the establishment of building societies, their rapid multiplication, the varied success which attended them, and the wide extent to which this species of speculation is now diffused among investing capitalists. The second chapter treats fully, clearly, and ably of the nature of the operations of compound interest, which is an essential feature in the work; whilst the third discusses the present system of building societies, pointing out judiciously, but without reserve, its defects, and suggesting how it might be ameliorated. To know the source of an evil, is essential to its cure; the public, therefore, will read this chapter with peculiar interest,—it is, in fact, one of the most important in the book. A chapter on permanent building societies is followed by one explaining the practical management of such a society. The balance-sheets of building societies, and rules for a permanent building and investment society, form the subject of the fifth and sixth chapters; whilst the seventh is occupied with speculations on life or fidelity assurance applied to building societies. One of the most useful and important things in the book is an analysis, explanatory and illustrative of the law as it at present stands. But we must attempt to do for Mr. Scratchley's invaluable work what he has done for the act of Parliament. We can only call attention to its great merits, and observe that none should in any manner attempt to enter into a speculation of this kind without consulting the volume. Mr. Scratchley, who undoubtedly is the best authority on subjects of this kind, possesses no little talent, and extraordinary industry. He has applied it well. This volume is the result, and immense success will doubtless be its reward. We would recommend all who enter into this species of speculation to consult the work.

THE GERMAN LANGUAGE IN ONE VOLUME. By Falck Lebahn. Second edition. KEY TO LEBAHN'S GERMAN GRAMMAR. Whittaker and Co., 1849.

We are glad to perceive that the language and literature of Germany become every day better appreciated, because better understood. The numerous works which have within a few years been translated from that tongue into our own have doubtless excited in many a desire to become acquainted with a literature which contains such treasures. The splendid narrative of Erman, "The Expedition of Werne," "The Wanderings of Prince Adalbert," "The History of the Netherlands," and numerous other books which have lately been added to the English library, told that, by remaining ignorant of German, the English reader lost much, both in information and amusement; accordingly in all literary circles we find it studied and admired, if not understood.

There is one failing, however, which appears but too common. Many persons can study nothing, from a lady to a language, without falling in love with it. It immediately becomes superlative, *the finest, the most glorious, the noblest, the sweetest, the softest, the most powerful, the best*. Just so was it with German. Not content with terming it what is really is, a beautiful, vigorous, expressive, and useful language, it is by many placed before all others, and not only so, but all others are depreciated in order to laud its merits. This is an unfortunate error. It brings the language, as well as those who so exaggerate

its merits, into ridicule. In our opinion, German literature may add largely to the richness of our own, and we recommend its study. This has hitherto offered many difficulties to the learner. "Students," says Mr. Falck Lebahn, in his introduction to the excellent volume before us, "are disheartened by the number of rules, and yet greater number of exceptions, which meet them at the very beginning, and which prevent them from rightly estimating the facts that can be adduced in proof of the assertion that the German language can be easily acquired. I do not intend to enter at large into a discussion on the point, but cannot suppress a few remarks as reasoning for differing from an opinion so general. I call the student's attention to the facts—1, that five-sixths of all English words are of German origin; 2, that the pronunciation of German is exceedingly simple; 3, that the construction of the German language can give but little difficulty to the English student, since the varieties which exist in the two languages may be brought under a few rules easily acquired."

Mr. Falck Lebahn does not attempt unfairly to gloss over the difficulties which attend the study of this, as of most other languages, but he smooths these difficulties down as far as they can be smoothed, destroys many of them, and explains others which cannot be removed. He does not pretend that it can be acquired without careful study; he is not one of those who declare that nothing is easier, that it can be learned without strict attention to the grammar. On the contrary, this, in his opinion—and his opinion is of no slight value—is essential to its proper and complete acquirement of the language.

To explain Mr. Falck Lebahn's system as exemplified in the present volume, would be to enter into details which would occupy far more space than we can allot to the subject; however, we may briefly indicate some of its principal points. It is superior to most works of the kind that we have seen, from its excellent and simple arrangement, its clearness of explanation, and the completeness of its details. It being evident that nothing can be accomplished without a knowledge of pronunciation, Mr. Falck Lebahn, commencing with the most simple, goes on to explain the most difficult part of this subject, which he illustrates in a series of excellent reading exercises, with an interlinear translation, which will be found of much service. The *articles* are then declined with exercises; then follow the adjectives in their first, second, and third form; which are also followed by exercises—as, indeed, is every other section. To these succeed the auxiliary, and then the irregular verbs, which are put through all their conjugations in simple order; and, contrary to the common practice, the nouns follow; the verbs, pronouns, prepositions, conjunctions, proper names, compound words, numerals, and auxiliary verbs of mood are treated of in succession. The language, in fact, unfolds itself before the learner's mind, difficulty after difficulty is overcome, and the whole is divested of that intricacy which too often renders it so tiresome to the student. We presume that Mr. Falck Lebahn had some reason for selecting "Undine" for the reader to practise his knowledge on, but we cannot say we think the choice a happy one; however, as it is, it is useful, and the author adds explanatory notes on all difficult words, sentences, and phrases, which is of great service to the reader.

But perhaps one of the most remarkable features in the book is the vocabulary of four thousand five hundred words, which are synonymous in German and English. The idea was excellent, and Mr. Falck Lebahn has to be thanked for the care and industry with which he has carried it out. Such words as *der Feuerbrand, die Eee, der Frost, das Buch*, cannot fail to suggest themselves to the learner, when once he is aware that so many words are synonymous in his own language and that which he is endeavouring to overcome. We repeat, therefore, that this is a most excellent feature in the volume.

Those who would become familiar with the beauties of Schiller and Goethe, unmingled by translation, undiluted by their unskilful passage from one language to the other, will do well to undertake this study. Translations at the present day are so frequently entrusted to inefficient persons, that the public loses the whole essence of a book. Ignorant publishers, *ennuyée* amateurs, whose ambition is greater than their ability, are now so eager to rush before the world with their translations, that the really able men are shut out from the field. We could mention more than one individual who prides himself on being a German scholar, and whom the world regards as such, whose knowledge of the language is precisely at that stage when the true meaning of a passage would be most likely to escape his mind. Such persons do incalculable injury to literature, and the only remedy will be for the public to acquire sufficient knowledge itself to be enabled to detect the ignorance of those quacks; if our readers are of this opinion, we can conscientiously recommend Mr. Falck Lebahn's volume to their notice.

SEVEN TALES BY SEVEN AUTHORS. Edited by the author of "Frank Fairleigh." London. George Hoby (Rice's Library), 123, Mount-street, Berkeley-square. 1849.

A very apt and fashionable motto from the most fashionable of poems, written by the most fashionable of poets—(who could doubt that this refers only to Tennyson and his "Princess?")—has been chosen for this collection.

"Here are we seven, if each man takes his turn,  
We make a seven-fold story."

The contributors are James Martin Farquhar Tupper (the author of "Frank Fairleigh"), and four fair ladies, whom gallantry should have led us to enumerate first, independent of their literary claims—namely, Mrs. S. C. Hall, Miss Pardoe (the lady for whose benefit the work is published), and last and greatest, the S. M. of "Sharpe's Magazine," who has here given us a very clever tale. Her production is, indeed, the gem of the collection, combining, as it does, sound sense with earnest feeling, and no small knowledge of human nature. "A Very Woman," bears about it the stamp of marked originality and quiet mental earnestness. There are no spasmodic throes, no attempts at what has been most improperly called fine writing, but a high intellectual purpose is evident in every word, and the reality of the tale in the best sense is apparent: that is, there is nothing forced, nothing artificial, nothing vulgar, nothing untrue. Next to this tale we should rank the contribution of the editor of "Frank Fairleigh," called the "Mysteries of Redgrave Court." It is lightly and pleasantly written throughout; and the scene on the road, describing the race of chaise and chariot, is spirited in the extreme, and will not easily be forgotten. We cannot say much for Mr. James's "Norfolk and Hereford." In fact, we have rarely read anything more common-place. Fortunately, there is not much of it. Miss Pardoe's tale of "The Will" has very much more merit, and is, in fact, imbued with its authoress's marked individuality. There is a tinge of vulgarity about it, from the fact of every circumstance, as well as every sentiment, being rendered, as it were, *in alt*. One thing in this tale is rather alarming. A gentleman having passed one evening only with a young lady at a small party, in the course of which nothing tender has passed in word or look, but an animated conversation has been carried on respecting concerts, operas, and so forth, a mutual impression has been made of a favourable order. The gentleman, however, feeling that his circumstances will not allow him to marry, does not wish to expose himself to any temptation, and announces his intention to depart next day. Thereupon we are told: "Meanwhile Miss Greville sat by, calm, pale, and apparently unmoved; but she was, nevertheless, smitten to the heart. *She felt, even although she had known him only for a few hours, that Lorraine had trifled with her; and the natural dignity of her sex prevented all betrayal of the inward struggle.*" This is really awful! If the triflers with young ladies who strive to make themselves pleasant at small evening parties—if such "nice young men" are to be set down as sentimental Don Juans, and convicted of breaking hearts on so very slender a chain of evidence, why Heaven help the virtuous! That is all we will say for the present; but shudder we must. Mr. Tupper's tale, "King Veric," is couched in very masterly language, and evidences complete command of his theme. We cannot say much for the poem at its conclusion. Mrs. Hall's tale is one of her best, and will, no doubt, prove a general favourite. That of the lady for whose benefit the work was undertaken is somewhat vehement in tone, but interesting; and invaluable as conveying a solemn moral to the reader's heart. Altogether, the collection, which forms a very pretty volume, and is published at a low price, is likely to lie on half the drawing-room tables of the Metropolis, and is one of the nicest "gift-books" imaginable.

THE SCIENCE OF LIFE. By a Physician. Second edition., Kent and Richards.

When we first noticed this little work we deemed it incapable of improvement, but a glance at the second edition has shown us our mistake. Encouraged by the favour with which the first edition was received, its author has added a valuable mass of information to its useful contents. On the subject of diet and the regulation of health he is particularly lucid, and may be profitably consulted. A chief feature of the work is its condensation, many of its pages possessing as much matter as, in more voluminous medical works, we have frequently to wade through entire chapters to obtain. He indulges in no circumlocution; every sentence is full of pith, and might be quoted as an adage. It ought to form a pocket companion, and will no doubt become a standard book of reference.

